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AMERICANS: An Impression

By Alexander Francis.

The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1911.

The Week

It would doubtless be impossible to prove that any positive neglect of the public business is involved in the President's prolonged tour of the West. Yet it is evident that there is in Washington a feeling of uneasiness about the many important topics which will need to be brought to Mr. Taft's attention on his return. This feeling has obviously been heightened by the announcement that the President has decided to extend his trip, planning now to travel in the South and not to reach the capital until about the middle of November. That would certainly leave him scant time to make his preparations for the assembling of Congress, to say nothing of executive matters waiting for his decision. With the political effect of his journey at least of doubtful advantage to the President, it has frankly to be said that his example in being so often and so long away from Washington, or his "summer capital," is one that his successors will be well advised not to follow.

It was high time for Mr. Hitchcock to notify postmasters that the enforcement of the regulations concerning improper matter for the mails "should be characterized by wise conservatism and justice." He himself had already ruled in favor of the report of the Chicago Vice Commission, at least to the extent of permitting it to be mailed to the list of social workers to which it was being sent through the generosity of John D. Rockefeller, jr. We are not as yet familiar with the alleged offences of the *Richmond Journal* and *News-Leader*. If they were similar to those of the metropolitan yellow press during the Thaw trial, the Department is in a strong position. But this question demands something more than the bureaucratic rule-of-thumb procedure which marked the opinion of the fourteenth or fifteenth Deputy Assistant Attorney-General for the Post Office Department who blundered in the Chicago case. Not only is the character of the matter to be considered, but its purpose, as well as that of its publishers. If the work is a genuine

scientific undertaking, not scattered promiscuously or intended for general sale, it should not be debarred from the mails.

Senator Cullom's abandonment of his undertaking to restore harmony among Illinois Republicans, in despair at the hopeless split, is as significant of the Senator's own loosened hold in Illinois as of the seriousness of the division which he laments. Going to Illinois from Washington two months ago, he has had to listen ever since, not to plans for composing the differences between Lorimerites and Progressives, but to arguments against his own candidacy for reelection to the Senate. Speaker Cannon discovered the temper of his party in a somewhat similar way a few years ago, when he left Washington in all the glory of his freshly won Speakership to break the six-fold deadlock for the nomination for Governor. The convention made him its presiding officer with enthusiasm, but the potency of his gavel was limited to questions of procedure. In the end the man who had made it impossible for Lorimer's candidate to win on the first ballot became the nominee and has been Governor of Illinois ever since. One thing Speaker Cannon was spared, however. No one told him that harmony would be nearer, the farther he was away. The rout that began in the Old Guard in the Senate seems destined to reach every member of it. There is pathos as well as unconscious humor in Senator Cullom's announcement that he is giving up the task of straightening things out in Illinois and going back to Washington to take up the consideration of the peace treaties.

Mr. Hearst's formal announcement of his return to the Democratic party will be received by Democrats in New York with mingled emotions. Does he come back as a Prodigal Son, tired of wasting his substance in the far country of the Independence League? Or is it his idea that the party ought to acclaim him as a conqueror? As for the Independence Leaguers, they may easily be imagined dolefully chanting "The Lost Leader"—just for a Democratic ribbon to stick in his coat! For them there must be dejection not only on ac-

count of the great cause abandoned, but because of the cashier who now fails them. Republicans, too, will feel that Hearst has done them an ill turn in abandoning his rôle of free lance. They can no longer find comfort in the thought that even if Democratic prospects looked bright, Hearst could be depended upon to make mischief; and his rushing back to the Democratic fold now will be taken as a sign that he sees not a ghost of a chance next year for either an irresponsible guerrilla like himself or for the Republican party.

The announcement that Senator Penrose favors the commission form of government for Philadelphia will startle no one who has followed the course of the Senator's excursion into the politics of his own city. Conditions in Councils, he finds, despite the many good men in both branches, "are admitted to be unsatisfactory," so that from this moment their reformation is worthy of most serious consideration "by every one interested in the betterment of municipal conditions." Being thus interested, the Senator looks about for a remedy, and his eye lights upon—Pittsburgh. The Pittsburgh Councils, too, sad to say, were formerly corrupt, so corrupt and incompetent, indeed, "that the Legislature was obliged to rip them all out of office," and put a commission in their place. Of course, no one will think of doing anything hastily, and "nothing will be done ultimately except what is in accord with the best public sentiment of the people of Philadelphia." But if Mr. Earle should be elected Mayor, and then be declared ineligible, might not a commission be the wish of those who assume to speak for "the best public sentiment" of Philadelphia? And who better fitted to head such a commission than Mr. Earle? It is safe to say that the new form of government will wait a long time before procuring a more influential convert than the senior Senator from Pennsylvania.

In Charleston, South Carolina, a fight is on against the establishment of a race track. Apparently that city feels the force of the widespread sentiment against the evils bound up with racing in this country. The same interests

which formerly maintained tracks in Florida are behind the project, and the example of Florida in abolishing racing is now used as a weapon against them. They have the necessary charter, but the Charleston newspapers are predicting that it will be revoked by the next Legislature. Against the chief argument in favor of the track—that of commercial advantage to the city—an overwhelming weight of testimony is presented from representative business men of the Florida cities where the experiment was tried.

A remarkable state of mind is presented by the desire of Fremont Older, editor of the *San Francisco Bulletin*, for the release of Abraham Ruef, the notorious boss whose conviction and imprisonment were brought about primarily through Older's unremitting efforts. Mr. Older declares that in his hunting down of Ruef he was vindictive and savage:

I went to Washington and enlisted Heney in the fight. William J. Burns came and I persuaded Spreckels to help us. At last, after years of a man-hunting and man-hating debauch, Ruef became what I had longed and dreamed that he might become—a convict.

Then I said to myself, "You've got him. He's in stripes. He is helpless, beaten, chained. You've won. How do you like your victory?" . . .

Well, my soul revolted. I thought over my own life, the many unworthy things I have done to others, the injustice, the wrongs I have been guilty of. . . . I see myself now stripped of all sham and pretence and self-righteousness, holding the key to another man's cell. If society will let me I want to unlock that barred door, and for the rest of my life try to get nearer the spirit of Christ.

There is no question of Mr. Older's sincerity, and it is impossible to withhold respect for the humane feeling and the personal humility that he expresses. But it is essential to distinguish between the question of the sincerity or beauty of such feeling on the one hand and that of the clearness of the thinking that accompanies it on the other. "I think vengeance—and by vengeance I mean punishment—makes us all worse rather than better," says Mr. Older. But, whatever may have been his own personal feelings or motives in bringing Ruef to justice, the motive of the community was neither "vengeance" nor the desire to make Ruef "better." The prime instigator of the movement to put an end to Ruef's reign of scoundrel-

ism, and to warn others of Ruef's stripe that they engage in similar work at their peril, may have been led by some blind instinct to do the great public service which stands to his credit; if so, we can only say that he builded better than he knew. The need of holding forth the bitterness of punishment as an agency for deterring men inclined to certain forms of evil from which society must protect itself is the beginning and the end of the justification of punishment. And whether, in the judgment of God, other forms of evil, of which judge, or jury, or lawmaker may be guilty, are more or less reprehensible, has absolutely nothing to do with the case.

A food expert without a fad looks almost like a contradiction in terms, but it is the ideal that Dr. Wiley professes to follow. In proof of his sincerity, he has now ranged himself on the side of the feasters as opposed to the fasters, and thereby finds himself once more in the ranks of the majority. It is so refreshing to be advised to continue doing the thing which we have always done, and which we are bent upon doing to the end, that we cannot restrain our admiration for the man who sets the seal of his approval upon it. This is particularly true because of the innumerable warnings showered upon us of what we must not do again if we expect to live out half our allotted days. Once all we had to do, even in a crisis, was to take the most awful chemical compound that the wit of doctors could devise. Now, nothing less than the complete alteration of one's habits of life will tide one over the most trifling trouble. Dr. Wiley comes, therefore, as a novel and delightful sort of practitioner, bearing the glad tidings of a double emancipation, from regulated mastication and partial starvation no less than from drugs.

The late Clark Russell would have found in the sea-wanderings of the "Holy Ghosters" yacht *Coronet* a tale upon which to found another sea-yarn fairly rivalling the "Wreck of the Grosvenor." To parallel the sufferings of those sixty-six people on a 133-foot yacht, undergone for the sake of what can only be termed a religious aberration, one must go back to some of the early efforts to reach America in the search for religious freedom. Their craft itself was once a noble one; it

has twice been around the world and once won a transatlantic race. But those four months spent in the endeavor to sail from Hayti to Greenland have been severe enough to wear out many a sturdier ship. It is to be hoped that the authorities may now find some way to interfere with this fearful dragging of defenceless children over the seas. But as for the Rev. Mr. Sandford, there is no breaking his spirit. Now that a summer in Africa and a winter in Greenland have been denied him, it may be that the salvation of Maine will have to occupy him for a little while. It will take time to repair his religious letter-of-marque and to assemble the necessary funds to cruise again. He has been around the world once in the *Coronet*; yet the silly old world still talks of Protestants and Catholics and Mohammedans and all the rest of the faiths which Sandford has placed on the rubbish heap.

Prof. Basil L. Gildersleeve completed on Monday his eightieth year, with no apparent diminution of his intellectual vigor and alertness, or of the sparkling and pungent humor which has been so vital an element in the influence he has exerted upon students and scholars for more than half a century. The place of Greek in the college and university world is very different now from what it was when the young South Carolinian, at the age of twenty-two, gained his doctorate of philosophy at Göttingen, among the first of the long line of American scholars who were to bring to this country the ideals and standards of German learning and science; but in Professor Gildersleeve's lecture-room, as in his published writings, the lamp has been kept burning as bright as ever, through all the changes of time. How little he answers to the vulgar notion of the Greek or Latin specialist has been evidenced month after month, for more than thirty years, in the delightful wit and almost encyclopædic range of his "Brief Comment" in the *American Journal of Philology*, of which he has been the editor from its foundation in the early years of Johns Hopkins University. Of that institution, as of the intellectual and social life of Baltimore, he has been a leading light during the thirty-five years of his professorship there, following upon twenty years as professor in the University of Virginia.

Europe's welcome to Thomas A. Edi-

son was so whole-hearted and universal that we cannot wonder at the look of pain that appeared on the face of the Continent at the distinguished guest's blunt and ready judgments on things European. The trouble is this: Europe has not yet grasped the truth, which with us has become a commonplace, that eminence in one particular field makes a man an oracle in every other field of human endeavor. That is why a champion polo-player returning from abroad is asked whom he picks for the Republican nomination in 1912; why the leading lady in a musical comedy outlines for us the future development of aviation; why novelists are hired to write picturesque accounts of baseball games that have to be supplemented by a statement of what happened at the game; why stock brokers continually lay down new principles of political economy, and why Trust magnates are in a position to define the religion of the future.

One of Mr. Borden's Cabinet appointments has provoked warm discussion in the Canadian press. It is that of Mr. Monk to be Minister of Public Works. The point is that he has been Bourassa's chief lieutenant in the Nationalist movement. Of that French-Canadian agitation, a leading feature was protest against the building of a Canadian navy, to be put at the disposal of the British Admiralty, and it is accordingly natural for a paper like the *Toronto Globe* to assert that, since Mr. Monk joins the Government as "the mouth-piece of Mr. Bourassa," the Navy Act will be "repealed or suspended." This is partly borne out by the organ of the Quebec Nationalists, *Le Devoir*, which thinks that Mr. Borden will not go on with the navy plans until they have been submitted to the people, "either in a general election or in a referendum." The journal quoted hastens to add, however, that on this question the Nationalists stand ready to acquiesce in the verdict of the majority. All this makes it probable that the naval programme of the Laurier Government will not be openly abandoned by Mr. Borden, but that he will go slow with it and seek to modify it. What seems certain is that Canada, in her present temper, will insist upon keeping for her own use whatever warships she may build, and will make no direct contribution to British seapower.

Technical education in Germany has often been highly and enviously praised, and the authorities in that country are evidently awake to the advantage of maintaining and extending it. A recent step in advance is the organization of special courses for graduates of technical schools. In Bavaria, as we read in the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, it is now made compulsory upon engineers in the employ of the state to attend a certain number of these *Fortbildungskurse*. This is particularly the case with structural engineers. Graduates of ten or fifteen years' standing may not in all cases have kept up voluntarily with modern methods in building, and the aim is to help them to be level with progress in their profession by hearing lectures on its latest phases. Among the topics which they were to hear discussed this month at the technical school in Karlsruhe are "Progress in Building and in the Transport of Materials," "The Economic Bearings of Gas-Industry," and "Problems of Finance and Personnel in Modern Industry." It is by such methods that the Germans aim not only to educate technically but to make the processes of technical education continuous.

Two Italian professors have recently had their say concerning the raid upon Tripoli. One is described as the head of an Italian archaeological mission in North Africa. Interrogated by the Italian Government with regard to the natural resources of the coveted territory, this expert replied in a manner calculated to make the patriotic bosom swell indefinitely. There is plenty of rich soil in Tripoli, if you know how to look for it. There is no dearth of water, if you sink enough artesian wells. There is a great deal of timber on the mountains at a considerable distance from the coast. The natives are not hostile to Italy, if you find the right kind of natives. In other words, throughout this "scientific" report our expert is desperately trying to make out a case for his employers, who in the present instance are the Italian Government. Having been accused of criminal conduct in seizing land belonging to some one else, and of foolish conduct in seizing land that has little value, Italy is determined to prove that the second charge at least is untrue. In doing so she has shown once more that, when patriotism calls, star-eyed science will

frequently consent to shade the truth a bit.

But there are honorable exceptions. Another Italian professor, Guglielmo Ferrero, has refused to kow-tow to the idol of Imperialism. He has not come out in open opposition to the Italian Government's policy, but in an article written for *Figaro*, on the abstract problem of ancient and modern Imperialism, he expresses little confidence in the classic argument for land-grabbing, namely, that it is all for the benefit of civilization and of the inhabitants of the land seized upon. Professor Ferrero admits that the superficial benefits of modern civilization follow in the wake of European conquests—railways, sanitation, public security, justice. Judged by such standards, the work done by France in Algeria and Tunis would seem to justify Italy's mission in Tripoli. But Professor Ferrero has spoken with men of affairs in Tunis and Algeria, and upon the question of the ultimate outcome these men have shaken their heads. When the railways and wireless and European civilization in general have bitten far enough into Moslem society to engender decay and decomposition, what will happen then? The conflict between a civilization triumphant and a decadent civilization at bay has several times remade history.

The people of Japan are learning that it is one thing to get rid of a Cabinet, but quite another thing to set aside a policy. They have exchanged Katsura for Saionji, but Saionji's programme promises no radical departure from Katsura's. Expenditure is to be maintained, as by the late Administration, and no new schemes are to be adopted, owing to the difficulty of finding funds. One of the well-informed Japanese newspapers announces, as an important part of the financial policy of the new Government, a thorough overhauling of the whole system of taxation. But no one will expect this to be accomplished at once, if it is accomplished at all. The "Pay, pay, pay" stage of expansion is not so easy as the drum-and-fife stage, but it follows that stage inevitably. Any Cabinet in Japan will find its path difficult until this part of the nation's route is past—more especially until the Japanese people see that no Cabinet can perform what must be left to time.

LYNCHERS TRIUMPHANT.

The failure of justice at Coatesville is now virtually complete. Five men have been put on trial, only to be acquitted without the slightest attention being given to the evidence. In one case the State's Attorney had to stand by and watch the crowd cheer the acquittal of a man who had confessed his participation in the burning of the negro Walker. The jurors who are false to their oaths are lionized by the community. There is hardly a citizen in this Northern community who has not been more or less *particeps criminis*, chiefly through a refusal to uphold the law by word and deed. The lynchers are on top. They have not only defied the machinery of justice in their county; they have mocked that of the great State of Pennsylvania. They have flouted their own Governor who declared on September 12: "I am determined that, no matter at what cost, the offenders who have brought such a blot on the State of which I am the presiding Executive, shall and must be brought to account for their dastardly crime." In reply Coatesville answers the Governor by placing laurel wreaths on the jurors who connive to acquit the lynchers.

The lynchers are triumphant. Yes, not only in Coatesville. Before us lies the Topeka *Plaindealer* with the horrible story of the lynching at Durant, Oklahoma—on the same day as the Coatesville burning—of an unknown negro. Here the white fiends who shot down the man without giving him a chance to defend himself, were so proud of their work that they bound the body to some planks, and, as the picture before us shows, posed around their victim while the photographer recorded the scene. Even with such proof, we are sure, a Coatesville jury would acquit. In Oklahoma apparently nobody has stirred, despite this convincing evidence. The lynchers are on top. Their victim was a stranger in a strange land; the woman in the case identified him *after* the mob had killed him—what else could she do, in the presence of a half-drunk and violent mob? Then these exponents of American civilization piled fagots around the body and danced around the fire as it consumed their victim. Is it any wonder that the *Plaindealer* begs every negro newspaper in the country to reprint this cut, that "the world may see and know what semi-barbarous America is doing"; and may

know how they scorn the "white ministers and Christian workers who are bent on Christianizing the heathen Chinese"?

The lynchers are on top—near Charleston, South Carolina. There a despicable wretch was lynched two weeks ago. It was done, says the Charleston *Evening Post*, in the "most approved and up-to-date fashion." Automobiles filled with "prominent citizens" took part in the chase. "Among those present" was a Representative in the General Assembly, the Honorable Joshua Ashley, who with his son took the prisoner from the sheriff. But, of course, now that the event is over, nobody knows anything about the crime. As the Charleston *Evening Post* puts it:

It is obviously impossible, in all the circumstances, that anybody of the neighborhood should be able to say just who had a hand in the lynching. Indeed, it would seem as if none but the sheriff who lost his prisoner and the coroner who took down the body—and, of course, the good folk who cut the negro's fingers off for souvenirs—knew that there was a lynching, and even they cannot be sure that the man didn't hang himself by his foot and riddle his own body with bullets.

Brave as these exponents of white civilization are, our Charleston contemporary asks why they should also be so modest about concealing their services to humanity, and refuse to come forward and accept the plaudits of their State. It points out that their Governor and their senior Senator have themselves lauded lynching to the skies. A Sumter, S. C., jury has just freed under the "unwritten law" a white man who killed a negro in the dark by mistake, believing that this victim, who was admittedly innocent of any wrong, was a white man who had invaded the sanctity of the murderer's home. Why should not the Honorable Mr. Ashley and his son openly avow their having taken the place of the law and the courts, and so put lynching on a sound and recognized footing?

The lynchers are almost on top in New York. Two police officers have recently shot innocent negroes without the slightest excuse, seeking revenge apparently for the wanton killing of a policeman by a negro last spring. In one case the victim is probably crippled for life; the detective who shot him has been suspended for three months—and the majesty of the law is upheld! The other day, a negro who got into a dispute in a drug store was so frightfully beaten by the police that the magistrate

before whom the victim was brought protested hotly. With such official sanction for abusing men because of their color, is it any wonder that a mob the other night tried to lynch a colored man who, for all they knew, was but using his revolver in self-defence? An actual killing in the streets may take place any day, as it did in the draft riots of 1863. Who shall say when, in a gust of passion, a street crowd in New York will not slay guilty and innocent alike?

Is it any wonder that the colored people are looking to Washington for aid? The Topeka *Plaindealer* declares that it must seem to foreigners the height of hypocrisy for President Taft to be talking about peace among nations when such diabolical acts of private war at home go on unchecked. As for the *Crisis*, which speaks for the educated colored man, it asks the President how he can keep silent "in the face of a record of murder, lynching, and burning in this country which has appalled the civilized world." Certainly, there are no topics the President has discussed on his present trip that are of equal moment with the question of the rule of the mob. The lynchers are on top, North, South, East, and West. Who shall say what deadly blows they will not yet deal to our civilization, our self-respect, and our honor before the inevitable revolution against their domination takes place?

ALDRICH'S REVISED PLAN.

Ex-Senator Aldrich has submitted to the Monetary Commission a completed draft of his suggestions for a plan of banking and currency reform. This plan has not been officially adopted by the Monetary Commission; indeed, there has been, so far as we are aware, no official determination as yet even of the lines on which the report that the Commission is to submit to Congress next January will run. In some respects it is unfortunate that the only perfected plan in the field should be that of a single member of the Commission, and should have been made public in advance of the public hearings and deliberations which must precede the final report. But Mr. Aldrich's plan has served the valuable purpose of giving a nucleus for discussion, and its reception in both legislative and financial circles has already made it virtually certain

that the Monetary Commission's report will follow his in the main.

This by no means signifies, however, that Mr. Aldrich's plan is likely to be proposed in Congress or enacted into legislation exactly as it stands. No preliminary draft, on such a subject as banking reform, could in the nature of things be perfect—much less, satisfactory in every particular to Congress, the bankers, or the people; and even when Mr. Aldrich's plan is accepted as the basis of discussion, it is reasonable to expect wide difference of opinion regarding its financial and political merits. In advance of last Friday morning's revised proposal, amendments and alterations in his plan as previously proposed have already been discussed. Gov. Folk of Missouri, in a public interview this past week, while approving the main details of banking machinery as proposed by Mr. Aldrich, and while, in fact, repeating verbatim many of the clauses in Mr. Aldrich's plan, would have the directors of the National Reserve Association chosen by the President of the United States, and not elected, directly or indirectly, by the banks. On the other hand, ex-Controller of the Currency Charles G. Dawes, in an interview last Friday morning, declares himself "opposed to governmental representation in the management of the proposed institution, because of the opportunity it would give a national administration to inject politics into the affairs of the banks."

This may give some notion in advance of the wide range of opinion. So far as concerns the additions or changes made to his previous plan by ex-Senator Aldrich, his proposals as published last Friday have to do mainly with the question of note issues, and with a scheme for admitting other institutions than national banks to the scope of the new banking plan. Instead of imposing a progressive tax of 3 to 6 per cent. on all note issues in excess of the amount already outstanding when the new association shall be formed, Mr. Aldrich now proposes that issues in excess of \$900,000,000 and not in excess of \$1,200,000,000, which are not covered by an equal amount of lawful money in hand, shall pay a special tax of one and a half per cent. per annum, with a five per cent. tax on notes in excess of \$1,200,000,000.

In regard to the trust companies and State banks, the proposal in the earli-

er Aldrich plan, creating a new class of national banks, to exercise trust company powers as well as the powers now allowed under the law, is withdrawn from the scheme. Instead, it is now proposed that State banks and trust companies be admitted to membership in the national association upon conforming to the general stipulations, regarding capital and reserves, that are applied to national banks. This is a highly interesting and important part of the proposition. It will undoubtedly impose on the trust companies, as a whole, considerably increased requirements in the way of cash reserves. The interesting question follows, exactly to what extent the State institutions would see fit to conform to the terms laid down in such a plan, for the sake of the privileges which they would manifestly gain through membership.

One other change made by Mr. Aldrich from his plan of last January deserves careful notice. In the earlier plan, it was proposed that there should be no change in the percentage of reserve against deposits required from national banks, but that the credit balance of any national bank in the reserve association should be counted as part of its legal reserve. In the revised plan as given out last Friday, it is proposed that the banks may not only count as part of their reserve their several deposit balances with the central institution, but that they also may be allowed to count any notes of the national association which they may hold in their vaults. This change has been made under rather strong pressure from numerous well-known bankers, chiefly from the West. The idea of counting notes of the central institution as reserve for individual banks was based by these bankers on the theory that when banks were allowed to count their credit balance in that institution, it was illogical that they should not be allowed similarly to count the notes received in discharge of such a balance.

We have never been able to agree with this view of the matter. On the contrary, we believe that use of the notes as lawful reserve money, under any circumstances, would serve to defeat the real purposes of the note circulation, and might easily, under certain conditions not at all inconceivable, create an engine of inflation. The reason why a bank is allowed to count as part of its reserve its credit balance with a central

institution is that such institution is supposed to hold itself always ready to provide the lawful reserve money on recall of such balances. A national bank drawing on the proposed reserve association might ask for gold, silver, and United States legal tender paper, or it might ask for notes of the central institution. If it wanted to build up its reserve, it would naturally make the first request. But if it asked for notes, its purpose manifestly would have been to provide for the hand-to-hand circulation of its business district. In other words, its legitimate object would be to get the notes into the people's hands with the smallest possible delay when business needed a larger circulating medium, and to get them back again to the central association's redemption office the moment they were no longer required for purposes of trade. But once give these notes the right to serve permanently as reserve money for the individual banks, and what becomes of the automatic expansion and contraction of that part of the currency, in response to the needs of trade?

THE TORY HAPPY FAMILY.

Cable dispatches from England have been referring to the serious divisions in the Conservative party, but they have not fully conveyed the excessive bitterness with which the faction opposed to Mr. Balfour is attacking him. The question is not only of leadership, but of party policy, yet everything is for the present made to turn upon getting another Conservative leader. The "die-hards" and "last-ditchers" of the recent struggle in the Lords have invented a new sort of password—B. M. G., which, being interpreted, means "Balfour Must Go." Those letters are signed to an article in the ultra-Tory *National Review*, in which Mr. Balfour is held up to scorn as "The Champion Scuttler," and is described as a politician who can, indeed, "command an unlimited amount of simulated indignation," but who has shown himself absolutely unfit to lead the Opposition.

The singular thing is that these ferocious assaults upon Mr. Balfour and Lord Lansdowne, with the formation of a "Halsbury Club" within the Conservative party, whose avowed object is to depose the leader, fall at the very time when the urgent cry is going up for Conservative harmony. From many

sides and from many men of weight has the appeal come for united action. Professor Dicey has been writing about the constitutional effects of the Veto bill, and showing how important it is that Conservatives should stand together not only in resisting forced or wrong interpretations of that measure, but in preparing for its amendment or repeal. For other reasons, Lord Roberts recently made a strong plea for Conservative unity. He thinks of this as only a form of "Imperial Unity," and dwells upon the issues which, in his mind, touch "the very fountain-head of the Empire's life"; asking, "Is it too late to hope that the Unionist party will come forward to lead the millions that wait for a leader?"

This letter by Field-Marshal Roberts was published almost at the very time when Mr. Balfour was making his first important speech after the adjournment of Parliament. It was delivered at a great Unionist meeting in East Lothian, and has to be regarded not only as Mr. Balfour's sketch of the party programme, but as his bid for continuance in its leadership. So far as specific reference goes, he quietly ignored the existence of dissidence, or, rather, something like a mutiny, in the Conservative ranks. Mr. Balfour calmly alluded to himself as "the Leader of the Unionist Party," and spoke as though no rebels against his authority had ever been heard of. True, he alluded to differences of opinion at the time the Veto bill was before the Lords, but he declared that those controversies had "no longer any living or practical interest," and that to revive them now would merely make more difficult "the union which is the first secret of political success." Thus easily does he think to dispose of the Chamberlains, father and son, of F. E. Smith and Lord Hugh Cecil, and of all the irreconcilables who vow that there can be no peace with or without honor until Mr. Balfour is compelled to give up the party leadership! Those troubled and troubling spirits, he has found by now, are not so soothly to be laid. As for the rest of his speech, Mr. Balfour had nothing either very new or very inspiring to say. He used, indeed, some stout language about Irish Home Rule and the duty and determination of the Conservatives to resist it to the death, but even in this part of his address one catches the Balfourian note which gives

color to the sneers of the *National Review*:

Unionists will once more be led into battle with all bands playing, colors flying, and their splendid chief riding gallantly in front. But the moment the battle waxes hot the bands will stop playing, the banners will be furled, and the great chief will be found calmly riding off to Gastein or some other place, having concluded the usual compact and ordered a general *sauve qui peut*.

From all this, it is readily to be seen that the Tories are not a happy family. They had been predicting that it was the Liberals and their allies who would fall to quarrelling and become a prey to dissensions, but here the nation sees the great party of the intellectuals and landed gentry, the party which for years boasted, like our own Republican party, that it alone was "fit to rule," now torn asunder and filling the air with taunts and angry accusations. It would be going too far to say that the whole trouble lies in the party leadership. Any leader would find it almost impossible at present to unite the Conservative party and kindle it with enthusiasm. It may be doubted if Disraeli could do it, were he alive to-day. If Joseph Chamberlain were ten years younger and in full health, his political genius might be equal to coping with the task; but when one looks about for any other Tory to put in Mr. Balfour's place, with a better promise of success, the man does not appear. Yet it cannot be denied that there is warrant for the feeling that Mr. Balfour is not the man for the hour. With all his distinction of intellect and of manner, his nature is cold, and he too often appears like a mere logic-chopper. He thinks strongly and on great subjects, but he does not think with passion. The faculty of communicating impulse and of thrilling with zeal does not appear to be his.

THE CHINESE REVOLT.

The possibility of a Government overturn in a country occupying the peculiar position of China or Turkey gives rise to a double problem. A revolution in Portugal means simply a change of régime for the Portuguese people. A revolution in China inevitably brings up the question of foreign interference and its effects upon national integrity and independence. It is quite true that the outsider may lay undue stress on the international phase of the question. To

the people of China, the immediate necessity of putting an end to a bad governmental system may be so pressing as to throw every other consideration into the shade. The outsider, for instance, is in no position to grasp a condition of mind which makes the Chinese people, after more than two hundred and fifty years, still look upon their Manchu rulers as foreigners and oppressors. That, however, does not do away with the fact that to the world at large the problem whether China shall be ruled by a Manchu dynasty or a Chinese dynasty is of infinitely less importance than the question whether China shall be ruled in accordance with modern constitutional principles, and, more than that, whether China shall continue existing at all. The outcome of the fighting at Hankow does not render it less certain that a long and bitter warfare must be passed through before the Manchus can be expelled from Peking. And such a protracted state of civil war is bound to let loose all the pent-up forces of destruction in Eastern Asia and pave the way for radical changes of the map compared with which the results of the Russo-Japanese war may easily prove insignificant.

If the uprising in the Yang-tse provinces were nothing more than an anti-dynastic movement, there would be little hesitation in declaring that the game was not worth the candle. The satisfaction of setting up a native dynasty in place of a "foreign" one is incommensurate with the risk involved. But it is the contention of the revolutionary leaders that their aims are progressive as well as anti-dynastic, that Manchu and reaction are synonymous, and that an overturn at Peking would be followed by the establishment of a constitutional régime; some even speak of a republic. These assertions may be well-founded, so far as the intentions of the revolutionary leaders are concerned. It is not so sure that they correctly describe the attitude of the Peking Government itself toward the great problems of political and social reform. The situation resolves itself into the question whether constitutionalism and reform have more to gain under the present system or under the system that the revolutionist leaders propose to set up, taking into account the ever-present possibility of foreign intervention. In other words, would the Chinese people do better to

choose reform under the Manchus without the danger of intervention, or to get reform a little more swiftly by totally upsetting things and taking chances on what the Powers will do?

It is well to notice that the record of the present régime in the matter of reform is far from bad. In the short space of half a dozen years, China has passed through all the preliminary stages of constitutionalism, until it stands to-day on the threshold of parliamentary government. What the compelling motives have been is of little consequence. It may have been ambition on the part of China's rulers to follow Japan's example and obtain for the Empire a footing among the Powers. Nor does it matter overmuch that the progress of reform has been marked by conflict between the forces of reaction and progress at the Imperial court. Other countries than China know what court intrigue and party struggle mean. The fact is that progress has been made. A mere summary of events since 1905, when the Imperial commissions for the study of parliamentary institutions were sent abroad, should suffice on that point. In September, 1906, an Imperial edict set forth the solemn promise that a Parliament would be established as soon as conditions favored the change. Just a year later, the new Government Council was created for the purpose of formulating the necessary preliminaries of parliamentary government. Within a few days, the organization of Provincial Councils was decreed. In August, 1908, the opening of Parliament was fixed for the year 1917; this delay of eight years aroused dissatisfaction. In 1909, elections to the Provincial Councils took place. An Imperial edict fixed October 3, 1910, as the date for the assembling of the Senate, or the upper house of the proposed Parliament.

The proceedings of the Senate, as soon as it had assembled, and the attitude of the Government toward that body, seem to constitute a sufficient reply to the charge that the Manchu element in China is opposed to progress. The Senate is constituted on a non-popular basis. Of its ninety-one members, no less than twenty are drawn from the Imperial clan, and thirty-two are Ministers and office-holders, thus establishing a Manchu preponderance in numbers and influence. Yet the first thing the Senate did was to petition the throne

for an immediate convocation of Parliament. The Government endeavored to meet the Senate half-way by advancing the date for the meeting of Parliament from 1917 to 1913. But the Senate held out and the Government yielded. Toward the end of December, an Imperial edict ordered that steps should be taken toward the organization of a constitutional cabinet. The census intended to serve as a basis for the parliamentary elections was to be hastened. On May 8 of the present year, an Imperial edict abolished the Grand Council and erected a constitutional Ministry in its stead, though the question of responsibility to the Parliament was left open.

The cycle of Cathay has thus been revolving rapidly enough. And that is to look merely at the political side. If we add to this record such notable reforms as the virtual solution of the opium question, the abolition of footbinding as an incident in the campaign for the emancipation and higher education of women, the progress of railway building, and, more than all, the decisive steps taken toward a solution of the currency problem, which many observers have declared to be at the bottom of China's troubles, the charge of reaction is fairly refuted. It may very well be that intrigue is still combating the progress of reform at the Imperial court, and it is in protest against vacillation and delays that the present revolutionary movement is in part directed. But judging by the past, the petty politics of the court cannot stay the wheels of progress. Given a popular trend toward reform, the Chinese Government is in no position to oppose it, for the simple reason that the Chinese Government is not an absolutist monarchy backed by a powerful army, but a Government that rules with a loose hand over a group of semi-independent satrapies.

Thus revolution and civil war, while they might hasten by a little the political reconstruction of China, cannot hasten it by so much as to justify the enormous risks to which they expose the country. Already the prophets of white imperialism are predicting the dismemberment of China. Russia is eyeing Japan, and Japan is watching the situation in the Yang-tse valley. If the revolutionists in China think that the innate mercuriality of their cause must win the sympathy of the foreign Powers, they might call to mind how the European Powers

have been exerting themselves to make things pleasant for the constitutional régime in Turkey.

COPYRIGHT CHANGES.

In Europe some notice is taken of the fact that this year marks the twenty-fifth anniversary of the first Berne Convention. During the quarter of a century since the formation of that international union for the protection of literary and artistic property, many advances have been made along the lines of the original proposals. The number of signatory countries has increased, though the United States still remains among the few outside barbarians. There have been two international congresses to revise and extend the Berne Convention—that in Paris of 1896 and the latest one of 1908 in Berlin. It is the changes advocated at the latter that the several Governments interested have since been discussing and preparing to enact into law. At its last session the House of Commons passed the new British Copyright Act, and this is expected to go through the Lords, without serious opposition, soon after Parliament meets next week.

Of the changes proposed in this bill, full accounts have been given in our own London correspondence and in other publications. The *Publishers' Weekly* printed the entire text of the new law. It undertakes no radical departures from existing principles and practices. The term of copyright is now made the life of the author and a period of fifty years after his death. It is provided, however, that under certain conditions, including payment of royalties to the owner of the copyright, a work may be reproduced after twenty-five years, or thirty years in some cases, without infringement. This is obviously intended to license the reprint of books out of the market. Objection to this provision was made by some publishers, but the prevailing opinion seems to be that there could be no great danger in it, since its application would necessarily be restricted, and could operate only in case of works kept out of sale for other than commercial reasons. It is plain that a protected book which is worth reprinting would ordinarily be supplied to the trade. Other changes proposed in the new British law are, as were some of those made in our own revision of 1909, designed merely to bring

the statute up to modern methods of reproduction. For example, the owner of copyright has the sole right, "in the case of a literary, dramatic, or musical work, to make any record, perforated roll, cinematograph film, or other contrivance by means of which the work may be mechanically performed or delivered."

There is, however, one change in British copyright legislation to which little attention has been directed, but which may prove to be of serious consequence, especially in this country. Hitherto, the copyright laws enacted by Parliament have been valid and binding for the whole Empire. But now the new policy is to be followed of permitting the self-governing colonies to pass their own laws on the subject of literary or artistic property. This privilege will undoubtedly be seized by Australia, the South African Union, and Canada. In Canada, in fact, a copyright bill is pending which will undoubtedly receive the force of law soon after the English act is approved by the House of Lords and the free hand of the Dominion definitely established. Now, this proposed Canadian law has several bad features. We can say this with confidence, because they are manifestly copied from our own statutes. There is the "manufacture clause," for instance; Canada is to embody that in her copyright law, although, we believe, not in so extreme and offensive a form as in the American measure. It will be possible, we understand, to import plates into Canada, on payment of duty (which is more than this country permits), but the printing and binding must be done in Canada.

There can be no question that this is a bad leaf torn by Canada from our own book. It stands in the act of 1891, which the Register of Copyrights printed in the volume, "Copyright Enactments," under the almost ironically descriptive heading, "so-called international copyright act." But we trust that no good American will be deterred by the fact that his own country's statutes limit copyright to books "printed from type set within the limits of the United States," from denouncing the similar Canadian proposal. Let us characterize it as it deserves—a short-sighted device of purblind protectionism. Canadians ought to be told in good set terms by Americans that any such step is a step backward; that its benefit even to Canadian printers will be extremely

doubtful, while the effect on Canadian standing in the eyes of the world will be of the worst. If there is need of extreme arguments, we can ask the Canadians if they really intend to fall into as low a repute in matters of international copyright as that now enjoyed by Americans!

Professor Röthlisberger of Berne, writing in the *Frankfurter Zeitung* of the history of the movement for an international literary union which dates from 1886, declares that the ardent hope of the members of the Berne Convention from the first was that the Governments of all civilized countries would sooner or later join them. That hope has been largely realized. A great common understanding has been wrought out and put into effect respecting rights in the fields of literature and art. But the United States remains conspicuously aloof. Everybody knows why. We have been kept from adhering to this liberal and civilizing agreement, based on equal privileges for authors and artists in all lands, solely by the baleful influence of the protectionist spirit. As there are now, however, so many signs that it is losing its power in the United States, we may hope that the day will soon come when this country will leave off its unworthy fumbling with the question of international copyright, and go over unreservedly to the enlightened position of the Berne Convention.

THE NEW BRITANNICA.

Although the circumstance that all the volumes of the new Britannica were prepared simultaneously ought to render it unnecessary to make any special comment upon the contents of the second half* of the work, issued within a few months of the first, still it would be ungracious to leave the concluding fourteen volumes altogether unnoticed. To pick out a miscellaneous handful from the imposing array of new articles on old subjects whose presence or extent evinces the enlarged scope and greater fulness of this edition as compared with its predecessor, mention may be made of Ship, Railways, Water Supply, Painting, Museums of Art, Theatre, Temple, Vision, Spinal Cord, Map, Logic, Rumania, Magnetism (Terrestrial), Tool, Typography, Lighthouse, Lighting, Ordnance, Polar Regions, Trade Unions, Strikes and Lockouts, Papacy, Liquor Laws, Japan, Song, Metternich, Picar-

*The *Encyclopædia Britannica*. Eleventh edition, Vols. XV-XXVIII. New York: Cambridge University Press.

esque, Novel, Science, Leviticus, Textual Criticism.

The article Ship fills 62 pages, besides 28 pages of plates. Here we find on turning to the ninth edition (the "tenth" edition was merely the ninth edition plus a huge supplement) one of those extraordinary lapses that marked the nonchalant spirit of the old Britannica, whose failings were on a par with its transcendent qualities. The subject was disposed of in just five pages. These five pages contained a good deal of scholarly information about the war vessels of the Greeks and Romans, and something about the mediæval galleys, and there the story abruptly ended. To add insult to such outrage, a table was inserted in the article, borrowed from a learned German antiquary, which would lead the untutored reader to imagine that the ancients had ships of war nearly as big as Queen Victoria's battleships. Of course, there was an article on Shipbuilding, but this did not contain the information that was so mysteriously absent under Ship. The new article on Shipbuilding is four times as long as the old one, covering 57 pages, besides 13 pages of plates. It is in great part a sealed book to all but advanced students of marine engineering, and, if the truth has to be told, one would almost be glad to barter it for the sixteen-page article on Seaman-ship in the ninth edition, still reflecting the spirit of the romantic days of wooden ships. The subject of Sea-Power, hitherto ignored, is discussed in a twelve-page article by Sir Cyprian Bridge. Another maritime topic not represented in the old Britannica is Steamship Lines, occupying 11 pages of small type. Shipping (5 pages) gives statistics of the commercial navies of the world. These various articles on naval matters, with the addition of the eighteen-page article on Navy and Navies (defective in the scant reference to the Italian republics and in the inadequate history of our navy) and the 14 pages on Navigation, would make about 1,000 duodecimo pages.

By the side of all this, the article on Railways (42 pages, the equivalent of about 250 duodecimo pages), although it is twice as long as the one in the ninth edition, which did not concern itself with railway legislation and, among other things, omitted the whole subject of train resistance, strikes one as being too brief. This impression is strengthened when we come to the section on construction, the author of which ought to have indulged in the recital of the great epic of railway engineering from the Stephensons and I. K. Brunel down to Harriman's levelling of the Rocky Mountains to a gentle gradient, the piercing of the Simplon, and the subaqueous creations about Manhattan. The interesting subject of the interchange of freight cars is not discussed

in the article. The lengthy section dealing with locomotive power, which contains nearly all that the Britannica has to say about steam locomotives—there being no separate article on the subject (not even a cross-reference under Locomotive!) and less than a page on it under Steam Engine—should have dealt more fully with the anatomy of the various types of engines and reproduced pictorially some of the forms from the little four-wheelers of the early days to the leviathans of the Santa Fé.

In a publication claiming to be an Anglo-American encyclopædia (a claim fully justified with respect to the departments of geography, biography, and history) space should have been found for the early history of railway construction in the United States. In the section on railway accidents, the United States figures in a gruesome way. That numerous class of legislators, who, yielding to popular clamor, are intent upon keeping rates below the level at which our railways could afford to bring their physical condition up to the requirements of safety, should ponder the figures here given. We may also observe that the inadequate biographies of George and Robert Stephenson have passed from the ninth into the eleventh edition.

The new Britannica has an article of 59 pages on Painting, the joint contribution of several writers. Schools of Painting in the ninth edition, covering nearly the same ground, filled only about one-fourth of the space. The United States has not been generously dealt with here, receiving less than a page. Rumania (24 pages) occupies about four times as much space as it had in the ninth edition, which took the liberty of omitting the literature of the country. The shifting of the relative importance of geographico-historical subjects is well exemplified in the articles on Japan and Persia. Japan has 119 pages in the eleventh edition (about as much as the United States), and Persia 65; in the ninth edition, Persia had 100 and Japan 23. One's sense of proportion is offended on discovering that the Transvaal has a longer article than Bohemia or Sicily. Prominent among the articles on celebrities who have but recently passed away is the eight-page essay on Tolstoy, by C. T. H. Wright, librarian of the London Library. The old Britannica was niggardly in its treatment of the labor problem. It had only 3 pages on Trade Unionism, a subject now covering a dozen larger pages, which still appears too little for an encyclopædia that can afford to give 15 pages to Plate, 10 to Lace, and nearly 12 to Totemism. We have 14 pages on Strikes and Lockouts, where there was no such caption before. Labor Legislation (21 pages) is more than twice as long as the corresponding article in the ninth edition. It is re-

grettable that the article on Socialism, from the able pen of James Bonar (not quite 8 pages), is much shorter than the one it has supplanted. The article Negro in the ninth edition, a very unsympathetic production, has been superseded by a longer one, conceived in a more humane spirit. The fulness of the new Britannica in everything pertaining to war is not calculated to reassure those who believe that *aspera milescent sacula*. Ordnance, for example, has 47 pages, or nearly three times as much space as was occupied by the corresponding article, Gunmaking, in the ninth edition. It is gratifying, however, to discover that the longest biography in the Encyclopædia Britannica belongs no longer to Mars, but to the Muses, Napoleon having been dethroned by Shakespeare. A serious omission is the absence of an article on the Peasants' War. The subject of Peace is discussed by Sir Thomas Barclay, who has hopes of a brighter future for the world, in spite of Nietzsche's rhapsody about war reproduced at the end of the article. Those people who cannot get themselves wrought up by Italy's dastardly breach of the peace, on the ground that the Turks are a nation undeserving of sympathy, would be edified if they happened to light upon the following passage in the article on International Law, contributed by the same distinguished publicist to the new Britannica:

Turkey too has the advantage of possessing a code of morals which produces so high a standard of right conduct in private life that very little in the way of moral lessons will have to be learned by the Ottomans from Western civilization.

The more closely one examines the fabric of the splendid work before us, the more clearly is its dual character brought into relief. It is a vast storehouse of information for all people of culture, upon which is reared an imposing superstructure, accessible only to a few, comprising the weightiest elements in the whole edifice—the lengthy scientific treatises designed for the specialist. Much of what might be put within the reach of the ordinary reader is placed aloft where he can not easily get at it or where it is presented in a form too intricate for his powers of apprehension. At times, there is even something like a wanton indifference to what is demanded of a general work of reference. A feeling of this sort comes over us when we turn to Rain, Lightning, Wind, Trade Winds, and Tornado, the treatises under Meteorology and Atmospheric Electricity not affording an adequate substitute for what we should like to find under the special heads. The Britannica is conceived on too exalted a plane to permit of its being an embodiment of the ideal of a great encyclopædia constructed on practical lines. Its fidelity to the tradition that it shall

be an exhaustive summary of man's attainments in every branch of research and investigation militates against its being invested with such a character. Could not an encyclopædia, it may be asked, answering in an equal measure the needs of the great mass of cultured readers, be got into a much smaller compass by not being made so top-heavy? Undoubtedly it could, but it is questionable whether, without the lofty aims that have actuated the successive editors of the Britannica, as manifested in the desire to make the work transcendent as a monument to the sciences, the encyclopædia would ever have risen to its present high level as a book of general information. LOUIS HEILPRIN.

THE CONGRESS OF THE "DANTE ALIGHIERI."

ROME, September 27.

In addition to the international congresses held this year at Rome and Turin in connection with the commemorative exposition, there is also a large number of national conventions that for the most part have to do solely with national organizations and interests. To this rule, however, the twenty-second annual congress of the Dante Alighieri Society, which was held at Rome from September 20th to the 24th, forms an important exception. Though the organization of this society is national, it has many chapters in foreign countries, and its aims and scope are truly international. On March 25, 1889, the first meeting of a provisional committee of twelve was held in Rome. On May 29, of the same year, when they met again, they were thirty-one, and among them was the poet Carducci. In July, the Constitution was finally adopted and signed by one hundred and fifty-nine charter members, who represented the best of Italian public and intellectual life.

The society has grown and prospered from the first, but its object has remained the same as in the time of small beginnings. Its first preoccupation was that the Italian language and culture should not, in countries ethnographically Italian but subject to a foreign power, be displaced by other languages and cultures. These countries are entirely Mediterranean, are, in large part, contiguous to Italy, like the Trentino, Italian Switzerland, and Malta, and were under foreign domination before the union of the kingdom. And further away, as, for example, on the Dalmatian coast, in the Ionian Islands, and in Asia Minor, there are many places, where the Italians are not, indeed, indigenous, but are long established, in most cases going back to colonies sent out by the Venetians. In countries like the United States, to which emigration has been recent, the aims of the Dante Alighieri are much more modest. For the many emigrants who return home,

it is expedient that they should not forget, nor begin to forget, their language and other national attributes. While for the many who become permanently expatriated, the Society, while recognizing that they and their children must eventually become a part of the land of adoption, speak its language and share its institutions, yet wishes them to know that they are not forgotten in the home country, and still to keep alive the memory of her ancient traditions and civilization.

In such an arduous and varied endeavor, the society employs many agencies. It founds and endows schools and promotes their efficiency by prizes and other distinctions. It institutes courses of lectures, coöperates in the establishment and maintenance of popular and circulating libraries, and distributes books and other publications. Above all, there are chapters, both within and without the kingdom, whose members are expected to promote the cause by collecting funds, by winning new members and by devoted labor and well-directed enthusiasm in every way. The chapters in Italy number a little more than two hundred, those in foreign countries about seventy. Of the latter thirteen are in the United States, namely, in Baltimore, Boston, Chicago, Cleveland, Hudson County, New Jersey, with headquarters in Jersey City, Los Angeles, New Haven, New York, North Dakota (in the State University), Pittsburgh, Rochester, San Francisco, and Washington. There is one in Canada at Toronto.

To give some idea of the scale on which the Dante Alighieri now works, a few figures may be cited. From 1903 to 1911 there have been sent to foreign countries six hundred collections of Italian books, adapted to the various schools, libraries, and clubs for which they were destined, comprising in all 115,000 volumes. A single energetic and devoted member of the Turin branch, Signora Ildegarde Occella, in the year just ended, collected 21,000 francs and 22,000 volumes. The total income of the society this year from invested capital and contributions, excluding gifts of books and other printed matter, was 330,125 francs, of which 160,000 have been spent for the "defence of the language," as the report says, in Italian-speaking communities under foreign rule.

The deliberations of this congress were especially important. For some time the question has been agitated of the foundation of a periodical devoted to the interests of the Society and of the Italian propaganda in general. As three publishing houses have now offered to publish such a magazine at a low subscription rate and without expense to the Society, it was voted to instruct the committee in charge to accept one of these offers and to begin publication some time in the coming

year. It was also voted to fix April 21 as "Dante Alighieri Day." All schools and other organizations that are beneficiaries of the Society or affiliated with it in any way will be expected on this day to make their supreme effort for the cause by enlisting new members and raising money and awakening enthusiasm.

It is much to be hoped that the American chapters will soon become strong enough to carry on the work in their own country, or at least to contribute much more largely to it than they do at present. The report of the Consiglio Centrale for this year testifies with much satisfaction to the part taken by Americans in the work. Special mention is made of the Hon. Curtis Guild, of Boston, who, although he has gone as ambassador to Russia, has again accepted the honorary presidency of the Boston Society, of Miss Isabella McClung of Pittsburgh, and of Mrs. Harold McCormick of Chicago.

The congress of 1912 will be held at Catania in Sicily. A suggestion privately made by the present writer that New York would be a good place for a meeting in the near future was favorably received by a number of delegates. The journey would be long and expensive for the Italian delegates, but if the New York members and their friends can find them their transportation going and coming, it is probable that a congress could soon be arranged to take place in the Western metropolis. H. E.

Correspondence

THE "SOCIAL" EVIL.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: May a chronic grumbler presume to criticise your use of the English language? A fortnight ago you published an editorial headed "The Social Evil." Concerning the substance of the editorial, I need only say that it has my hearty approval. The action of the Post Office in excluding from the mails the admirable report of the Chicago Vice Commission seems to be, briefly, asinine. No; my objection is aimed merely at the heading, "The Social Evil." Why should any one call the evil in question "social"? Emphatically, this evil is anything but social.

Let me illustrate by means of examples of evils which are genuinely social. The order, you will note, is *crescendo*!

First, there is the tiresome five o'clock tea. One cannot make an afternoon call without being asked by the gracious lady of the house, young, old, or middle-aged: "Shan't I give you a cup of tea?" If you accept all these invitations, you are in danger of nervous prostration, neuritis, or other ailment of the sort. If you decline, you are set down as a boor or an ignominious.

Next, there is bridge. Think of the thousands of rational beings, especially in smart gowns, now wasting daylight—and money—over luck at cards.

Then, there is drinking. True, the Glasgow factory hand is capable of finding delight in solitary "booze." But mankind in general drinks in company. Conviviality nearly always includes drinking. What I have in mind more especially is the practice of men to get together in the evening, in clubs or similar places, theoretically to talk over the events of the day. Practically, of these sessions one may say: No drink, no talk.

Last, but not least, there is the automobile. By tens of thousands men and women are now chasing over Europe, Asia, America, even Africa, for the mere fun of the chase. Like Rosalind's traveller, they waste their own lands in order to see other men's. And all in company. No one rides solitary in an auto, except on strict business.

All these abuses, and many more, are genuinely social. They spring from one's desire to associate with one's fellow beings. But the vice which you discuss shuns society, shuns the light of day; indeed, shuns all light. Why, then, should the *Nation*, of all papers, indulge in mere euphemism? Why not call the evil in question by a name which fits? Name it the *sex* evil, or the *sexual* evil, or, in one word, prostitution? Perhaps, even sex or sexual is not precise enough; for dancing might be defined as an entertainment of the two sexes. At any rate, "social" will never do; it completely obfuscates the problem. H.

October 16.

THE PENNSYLVANIA LYNCHING.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In an article on the Coatesville lynching (*Nation*, October 12), you conclude with the question: "And what does the sound citizenship of Pennsylvania say to it all?" As a life-long resident of Chester County, and a descendant of Quaker ancestors, I feel free to state unqualifiedly that the "sound citizenship" of Pennsylvania has the same feeling about the affair that all the rest of the civilized world has or should have, if American civilization is anything but a very thin veneer on primeval savagery. For above twenty years my occupation has required me to travel extensively in the South and West, and it has frequently happened that I have been in or near places where lynchings by burning have been committed shortly after the crime has taken place. I have always felt it my duty to speak strongly on the subject, and have done so in many cases, in the face of an inflamed public opinion. I have had this experience in West Virginia, Kentucky, Georgia, Texas, Kansas, Oklahoma, and Missouri, and have known of cases of this crime in Illinois, Ohio, and Delaware, the Coatesville case being the first in Pennsylvania and, it is to be hoped, the last. It is written that "faithful are the wounds of a friend," and it is well to state the facts fully, which your article does not do. In its presentment, submitted on September 20, 1911, the grand jury says: "Throughout the whole course of our inquiry we have been hampered and obstructed by the attitude of the citizens of Coatesville and vicinity having knowledge of the commission of the crime and the identity of the criminals," and again, "the testimony we have taken clearly dem-

onstrates that immediately after the commission of the crime a conspiracy of silence was formed and the citizens of Coatesville who have knowledge which would assist in the administration of the law have deliberately concealed that knowledge and have refused to aid the officers of the law and this grand inquest in its administration." This position on the part of the citizens of Coatesville, taken, as is well known, by leading citizens who were called by the grand jury with the idea that they might suggest some course of action that would lead to the conviction of the criminals, can only be explained by the coarse materialism of an industrial town—indeed, it was openly stated that a complete exposure of all the facts would "hurt the town." So far, it is bad enough, but when it is remembered that, in the Swartz case, the defendant had made a confession that he had taken an active part in the crime, said confession having been legally admitted as evidence by the trial judge and having been corroborated by other testimony; and that he was forthwith acquitted by the jury, one of whom, after being discharged, offering to bet that the State would not obtain a conviction in any of the other cases—what can be said of a public sentiment that makes such a verdict possible? A study of the conditions under which this crime of lynching by burning has taken place will show conclusively that it is a distinctly American crime, committed by men who have been through the public schools, and, as a rule, in Protestant communities. Every man indicted in connection with the Coatesville crime bears an unmistakably American name, and the crime was planned in the house of the local fire company, which was presumably a body of trained men.

I am free to say that, in arguing this question of lynching, I have heretofore taken the position that, while violence of this nature might crop out anywhere under great provocation, in the older States it would surely be punished, and I must admit that I was mistaken. So far as I know, the old State of Virginia has the best record in this respect, probably because its citizens are not altogether "up to date" and have not cut loose from all the duties and responsibilities of civilization in the mad race after wealth. If we are to be a law-abiding people, our public schools and higher educational institutions cannot begin too soon to instill into the minds of the young men the importance of the fundamental principle of Anglo-Saxon civilization—the supremacy of the law.

GEORGE ASHBRIDGE.

Whitford, Pa., October 16.

"WHERE SWART PAYNIMS PRAY."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The writer must ask pardon for recurring again to the well-known and much-tortured line from Keats's "Eve of St. Agnes" (see *Nation* May 11 and June 22, 1911):

Clasp'd like a missal where swart Paynims pray.
He does so only in the hope of offering for the second half of the line a more reasonable interpretation than has yet been given.

"Shut," the rejected variant for

"clasp'd," is a sufficient gloss on the first half. But why "shut" if the missal is employed by pagans in prayer; or, if the sense of the line is merely that it is closed and unused "in Heathenesse," why the misleading phrase, "where . . . Paynims pray," for the last word suggests at once the use of the missal? This, I believe, is indeed the poet's intention. But, while the literal meaning is that the devotion of the pagans is in some way connected with the missal, we are to think of it as stirred rather by the loveliness of the sleeping Madeline, of which the clasped missal is one among other beautiful images.

This rapid transference of a quality from the object to the image has an exact parallel in two lines from "The Rape of the Lock":

On her white breast a sparkling cross she wore,
Which Jews might kiss and infidels adore.

Here we are by no means to infer that the adoration of Jews and infidels was attracted chiefly by the ornament. The "silver cross" ("on Madeline's fair breast" might even suggest that Keats had this very passage in mind. An earlier parallel, and one in which the notion of heathen worship of Christian beauty rises naturally from the situation, occurs in Thomas Hudson's translation of the "Histoire de Judith" of Du Bartas, included in the 1608 and later editions of Sylvester. The passage is in book iv, lines 357 ff., and describes the sensation created by Judith as she is led captive through the Syrian camp:

Her ivry breast, and neck of Alabastre,
Made heathen men of her more Idolastre.

The phrasing is not felicitous, but the story is always attractive, and the passage a small oasis in the wastes of Hudson's translation. The travels of either Keats or Pope in "realms of gold" might easily have led him to one of the old folios in which the poem occurs.

Aside from the possibility that the line in Keats is reminiscent of his reading, the interpretation offered seems, if not obvious, at least more pleasing than one which would involve the poet in an obscure reference to some missal, ornamented with kneeling converts, and known only to himself and his friends; or, still worse, one which would substitute *pray* for *pray* and convict him of misspelling and of an inevitable pun. ALLAN T. WESTCOTT.

Columbia University, October 18.

AN OLD SPELLING REFORMER.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The subject of spelling reform is still sufficiently alive, I hope, to make an early attempt toward it interesting. In 1765 appeared "An Account of the Trial of the letter Y, *alias* Y," the posthumous work of Thomas Edwards. Edwards is known to the few who know him at all as the keen critic of Warburton's Shakespeare, as one of the revivers of the sonnet, and, perhaps, to some as a friend and correspondent of the novelist Richardson. It was with the seventh edition of his "Canons of Criticism," the exposure of Warburton's critical methods, that the "Account" appeared. Edwards was not an innovator, but a reactionary in orthography, his objects, as he tells us in the preface,

being "Uniformity . . . and, Preserving . . . the marks of our Etymology." It is interesting to note that some of the spellings which the Simplified Spelling Board is to-day trying to introduce, Edwards urged in 1765 as etymologically correct, while others were then generally used.

"Once on a time," the "Account" begins, "the English Commonwealth of Letters, generally called the Alphabet, was very much disturbed." The cause of the disturbance was the intrusion of the letter Y into such words as *Wyfe*, *Lyfe*, *Knyght*. Apollo, being appealed to, gave Y about the position it occupies to-day, and then asked if the letters had any other grievances. D and TH each seized this chance to complain of the position of the other in *Murder* or *Murther*. The matter was referred to a committee of Anglo-Saxons—Apollo apparently not feeling at home in the language of our forefathers—"and in the meantime the Poets had liberty given them to use either, as would best suit their rhyme." OUGH then petitioned "to be restored to the end of the words *Tho'* and *Thro'*." The request was granted, with an emphatic censure on the "new-fangled way of leaving out such letters as are not pronounced." After S had got back his place in *Defence*, *Protence*, etc., a complaint was presented "of O against U for intruding into the words *Honour*, *Labour*, *Superiour*, and the like. The Judge discharged U with a reprimand from the final Syllable of all words derived from the Latines ending in OR." The next matter was not so easy. It was the petition of N "that G might be excluded from the words *Foreign* and *Sovereign*," seconded by A, who begged that he might have the place of E and I in the same words. Apollo, who seems to have been attending a German seminar since leaving Parnassus, decided to "take time to consider the case." He granted, however, the request of E "that those [words] which are now absurdly written *Claim*, *Prevail*, &c., may hereafter be spelled *Clame*, *Prevale*, &c."

Then followed "A Complaint of ED against T, for justling him out of the ends of Verbs of the preterperfect Tense, and of Participles." But here Apollo, with a shrewdness for which he has not always been given credit, concluded that "The Court had sat late, and therefore referred this petition to another Day; and adjourned."

RAYMOND D. HAVENS.

The University of Rochester, October 15.

INGERSOLL'S WRITINGS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Though we naturally differ from the estimate you place upon our biography of Robert Ingersoll, yet the facts contained in the review (*Nation*, October 5) are in the main correct. One glaring error, however, is your statement that "the writings of Ingersoll are already dead." For a number of years we have published the Dresden edition of Ingersoll's works in conjunction with Mr. C. P. Farrell, representing the Ingersoll estate, and in that time have sold above 70,000 volumes at prices ranging from \$2.50 per volume up. During the same period, Mr. Farrell has sold hundreds of thousands of the lectures in pamphlet form. These are facts, not estimates, and prove

conclusively that Ingersoll's writings are very much alive.

DRESDEN PUBLISHING CO.

New York, October 17.

[We admit that we had no notion of the continued and extensive sale of Ingersoll's works. Such a sale manifestly represents a certain kind of vitality. The almost complete absence of reference to Ingersoll in the serious literature of to-day does, nevertheless, indicate that he has quite lost such significance as, in his lifetime, could provoke the controversial ire of Gladstone. His particular method of attacking Christianity is a dead thing of the past.—Ed. THE NATION.]

Literature

RECENT VERSE.

The Poems of Henry van Dyke. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons. \$2 net.

Poems. By Madison Cawein. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$1.35 net.

The Collected Poems of Maurice Baring. New York: John Lane Co. \$1.50 net.

The Country by the Sea: A Book of Verse. By Henry Robinson Palmer. Providence: Brown Alumni Magazine Co. \$1.

The Blossomy Bough: Poems. By Shae-mas OSheel. New York: The Franklin Press. \$1 net.

Pagan Sonnets. By John Myers O'Hara. Portland, Me.: Smith & Sale.

Poems and Ballads. By Henry De Vere Stacpoole. New York: Duffield & Co. \$1 net.

Lyrics and Sonnets. By Louis How. Boston: Sherman, French & Co. \$1 net.

The Voices of the Rivers. By Nina Salaman. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$1 net.

Poems of Men and Hours. By John Drinkwater. London: David Nutt.

The House of Orchids and Other Poems. By George Sterling. San Francisco: A. M. Robertson. \$1.25 net.

By the Sea and Other Poems. By Anne Cleveland Cheney. Boston: Sherman, French & Co. \$1 net.

The New Hesperides and Other Poems. By Joel Elias Spingarn. New York: Sturgis & Walton. \$1 net.

The Overture and Other Poems. By Jefferson Butler Fletcher. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$1.25 net.

It is so unusual nowadays for a poet to stick for any length of time to his lyre that the reappearance of a familiar name seems a distinct poetic merit in itself. How much more so a collection of nearly five hundred pages, like Professor van Dyke's "Poems," which evinces a lifelong devotion to the muse. And yet the critic can hardly sympathize with

his half expressed regret that he has not done more. Good in its way as is much of what he has done, it would probably have been still better if he had done less. As it is, his weakness is diffusion. What his verse lacks is concentration, intensity, and suddenness. Like so many of our American poets, he versifies too readily; and it is only when he confines himself to the stricter forms of stanza that he gains a relative concision and vividness. At best, he never astonishes. His quality and charm consist in a sort of gentleness or kindness for his subject, expressed in familiar associations and allusions—a kind of innocent intimacy with nature and the passions. A stream reminds him of going a-fishing; the stars, of little watchmen; love, of "home-sweet-home." With this easy sympathy for his themes, it is not surprising that he should be at his best with those which possess in themselves a certain elevation and dignity, as in his "Milton":

Lover of beauty, walking on the height
Of pure philosophy and tranquil song;
Born to behold the visions that belong
To those who dwell in melody and light;
Milton, thou spirit delicate and bright!
What drew thee down to join the Round-
head throng
Of iron-sided warriors, rude and strong,
Fighting for freedom in a world half night?

Lover of Liberty at heart wast thou,
Above all beauty bright, all music clear:
To thee she bared her bosom and her brow,
Breathing her virgin promise in thine ear,
And bound thee to her with a double vow—
Exquisite Puritan, grave Cavalier!

But Professor van Dyke is not quite alone in constancy to his art. Mr. Cawein, too, has come to a point where he is able to get together a very respectable body of selected verse. His collection, which includes a preface by Mr. Howells, is remarkable for the keenness of its interest in nature and all that is hers—in her moods and affections, "dusk in the woods" or "drouth" or "autumn sorrow"; and most of all, in the myriad tiny creatures that populate her, the locust that makes "meridian music" or the cricket with its "elfin pipe." But always about Mr. Cawein's nature, there is a kind of human immanence. It is quick with feminine influences and suggestions, as though Pan and Eros and Psyche were a-maying together. Or else it is conscious in some vague way of the presence and passions of man. It is this latter quality which enables him to insinuate descriptively, as it were, the story of the ground, as he does with singular vividness in such poems as "Lynchers," "Ku Klux," "The Man Hunt"—or, in his "Feud":

A mile of lane—hedged high with ironweeds
And dying daisies—white with sun, that
leads
Downward into a wood; through which a
stream
Steals like a shadow; over which is laid

A bridge of logs, worn deep by many a
team;

Sunk in the tangled shade. . . .

Fields over which a path, o'erwhelmed with
burs

And ragweeds, noisy with the grasshoppers,
Leads—lost, irresolute as paths the cows

Wear through the woods—unto a wood-
shed; then,

With wrecks of windows, to a huddled
house,

Where men have murdered men. . . .

Within is emptiness: the sunlight falls
On faded journals papering the walls;
On advertisement chromos, torn with time,
Around a hearth where wasps and spiders
build.

The house is dead: meseems that night of
crime

It, too, was shot and killed.

Nor is Mr. Baring's "Collected Poems" a contemptible evidence of poetic activity. Fully a half of his volume is made up of dramatic verse, of which "Tristram and Iseult" is the most ample and satisfactory illustration. Indeed, his vein is distinctly romantic and heroic. Even of his non-dramatic work, his "Sigurd" is in many respects the most poetical. But he has, in addition, a knack with the sonnet and no little lyrical appropriateness, particularly in the songs with which he is fond of interspersing his plays:

Farewell! this is the last, the saddest
tryst;

For I am of the valley and the plain,
And you are of the mountain and the mist;
Farewell! We shall not say "Farewell"
again.

You will forget the swearing of the oath;
You were the wind and I the bending tree!
Alas! I am the rock and you the froth,
That lightly comes and goes upon the sea.

Among a great deal of new verse so occasional and casual as to seem little more than an exercise, Mr. Palmer's ode on the unveiling of the equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius at Brown University reaches at times an unusual pitch of seriousness and sobriety:

From dreams that fever and enthrall,
From greed of gain, from crass display,
From fickle Glory's fretful call,
The Stoic tempts the world away;
As when above the troubled street,
Where party's futile voices float,
We hear, serenely near and sweet,
The unvexed oriole's treetop note.

Around his throne the Emperor saw
His armies surge like troubled seas.
They bore the tables of the law
To the white-foaming Hebrides.
From Thebes to York they flashed their
might,

But he, the master of his soul,
Wrought out beneath the starry night
The larger law of self-control.

Here in a land beyond his ken,
Where Roman eagles never flew,
We raise his lifelike form again,
And sound his pagan praise anew;
For still his quiet lips may preach

Of transient passion's foolish quest,
And still his healing thought may reach
The envious and untroubled breast.

In a world of echoes and routine it is, perhaps, the freshness of Mr. OSheel's lyrics, as much as anything, which lends them their peculiar attraction—freshness and a kind of disarming ingenuousness. There is a great deal in them of the poet and the lover to his lady; for after the manner of youth Mr. OSheel, too, has suffered much for love. And if his passion seems a little ideal and idyllic, even a little tenuous and airy, and his artlessness a little artful, it is all the prettier in its kind for that. And yet fanciful as he is, his fancy is that of the Celt and not without the shadowy overcast of his race:

They went forth to battle, but they always fell;

Their eyes were fixed above the sullen shields;

Nobly they fought and bravely, but not well,
And sank heart-wounded by a subtle spell.

They knew not fear that to the foeman yields,

They were not weak, as one who vainly wields

A futile weapon; yet the sad scrolls tell
How on the hard-fought field they always fell.

They went forth to battle, but they always fell:

Their might was not the might of lifted spears;

Over the battle-clamor came a spell
Of troubling music, and they fought not well.

Their wreaths are willows and their tribute, tears;

Their names are old sad stories in men's ears;

Yet they will scatter the red hordes of Hell,

Who went to battle forth and always fell.

After all, in spite of their little air of romantic aloofness, their little assumption of "primitiveness," Mr. OSheel's verses are thoroughly modern. Thoroughly modern, too, in their own way are Mr. O'Hara's "Pagan Sonnets." Though their reminiscence is that of classical antiquity, they have very much the same symptomatic nostalgia of the past. Marked as they all are in a high degree by recollection, it is in "The Latin Sea" that their author's power of illusion is at its best, notwithstanding a want of "richness" in some of his rhymes:

The wonder of its blue is under us;
We see, with glamor of Homeric lore,
Shimmer the wave that lured Ulysses' oar

And Jason faring for the fabulous.
Yon trellised slopes were thine, Theocritus!
And those trim galleys, bound for Capri's shore,

Dart from the cove and follow, as of yore,

The burnished trireme of Tiberius.
Hellas and Rome, templed antiquity,
Looming along thy shore, O Latin sea,

Live, once again beneath the dreaming glance;

Around thee clings the virgin world's romance;

And there, beyond the Pillars of Hercules,
Glimmers the Isle of the Hesperides.

To these lines Mr. Staupoole's verses on Athens make an interesting pendant, with their slightly different range of association and their exclusively literary suggestion:

Upon the hills the shepherds feed their flocks.

Afar the sea—the violet-tinted sea—
Still floods in foam around the Pontic rocks,

And with the golden sun holds revelry;
Lulling the hyacinths with drowsy rhyme,
About Pentelicus still floats the bee;

All is as fair as in the olden time,
All is as fair as then—
But where are ye?

Where art thou now, O Pindar? in what land,

Demosthenes, what tongue dost thou now speak?

Far from the plane trees by the spring
wind fanned,

Far from Piræus where the blue waves break.

The plane trees bend them to the winds of spring,

And echoes answer to the breaking sea;
Sweet from the olive groves the wild birds sing

Forever of their love—
But where are ye?

It may be merely mirage which inspires these regrets for a vanished past. It is a little difficult, however, not to read into them a vague distaste or suspicion of the present—now particularly when the air is shrill with voices uttering with no uncertain sound their distrust and discouragement, not merely with a day or generation, but with man himself and the human spirit. To say that such is the dominant of Mr. How's "Lyrics and Sonnets" would be hardly fair—he sings in divers tones—but such at least, as he strikes it in his verses on the Protestant Cemetery at Rome, is his most penetrating and haunting chord:

I know not who was Caius Cestius.
His pyramid is by the city gate,
Where rows of cypress, standing black and straight,

Mark their own city, quiet, ominous.
Poor little Keats, no longer amorous,
Or unrequited, lies there, now grown great:

And Shelley, who may be aware—too late?—

If he was right or merely marvellous.
Certain have knowledge of Heaven; I have none.

I were content to learn the earth beneath,
The hearts of men, the secrets in them hid.

Knowing, perhaps I'd long that life were done

And I were lying, careless of a wreath,
Near Caius Cestius's pyramid.

More subdued and resigned but no

less unmistakable Miss Salaman's "Mood in the Silence" echoes an answer like a distant reverberation of the same call:

Let us be quiet now; let all the voice
Be of calm waters, while the silence sings,

Like a vast rumor of unheard-of things
That know not grief, nor dream how men rejoice.

The low hills love the silence; in the haze
They dream of what the sea is murmuring

In dim reverberance—some hidden thing
The sea learns from its heavenward endless gaze.

These things hold perfect knowledge; lo! the sea,

The hills all satisfied for ever; lo!
The full sun seeth, and the great winds know;

And these things are, while we but strive to be.

After this partial eclipse of confidence in what Huxley used to call "men and their ways" it is reassuring to feel the mild buoyancy and ready acquiescence of Mr. Drinkwater's verse in what humanity is prone at present to regard as the worst of evils—criticism and war. His lines on "The Dead Critic" are admirable in their manner, and no less so his "At Waterloo":

Great peace is over Hougomont,
And over La Haie Sainte is peace.
The level lands are ploughed and rich
With promise of increase;
The sleepy cattle graze along
Beneath the scarred historic walls,
And here where nations spent their blood
The flush of sunset falls.

No pride nor pity touches me
Nor hatred's fire and ancient stings,
Only a sense of strifes outworn,
And strange ironic things:
And stirrings of some broken strain
Of sounding hoofs and answering guns,
And faith that Europe now as then
Can breed heroic sons.

Mr. Sterling's is already a familiar name. And if there is little or no change of feature in his new book, it does at all events contain some interesting pieces, as his new books always do. Of these the best appear to have been inspired by contemplation of the solemn and sobering eternity of ocean:

Thou seem'st to call to that which will not hear,

As man to Fate. Thine anthems uncontrolled,

From winnowed sands and reefs reverberant rolled,

Shake as with sorrow, and the hour is near
Wherein thy voice shall seem a thing of fear,

Like to a lion's at the trembling fold;
And men shall waken to the midnight cold,

And feel that dawn is far, that night is drear.

Thou wert ere Life, a dim but quenchless spark,

Found vesture in thy vastness. Thou shalt be

When Life hath crossed the threshold of
the Dark,—

When shackling ice hath zoned at last thy
breast.

And thy deep voice is hushed, O vanquished
sea!

One with eternity that giveth rest.

It is the same subject but in another
mood, the mood of elusiveness and mys-
tery, which gives Miss Cheney occasion
for some of her happiest lines:

Dull gray sky, the sand more pallid gray,
White line of lapping surf and silken swish
of the sea;

Gulls' plaining sharp, and shadowy slow,
slow sail

Gliding in mist away.

Tang of brine and murmur and mystery,
Dreams of the fair lost ships and those that
have reached their port;

Of alien wonders they bring and rich,
haunting, strange.

Myths and songs of the sea.

It is an anxious moment when the
scholar makes an excursion into poetry.
His very reputation in his own subject
is a disadvantage to him in another. Ex-
pectation is pretty nearly bound to be
disappointed. So it is with Mr. Spin-
garn's "New Hesperides." In compari-
son with his studies of criticism it does
not seem a thoroughly happy venture.
The verse has certain felicities, to be
sure; but on the whole his conceptions
hardly appear to have been presided
over by the "divine faculty." His man-
ner of treating a traditional theme,
however, may be judged by the follow-
ing quotation from his "Prothalamion,"
which exhibits his versification pretty
nearly at its best:

Oh, dawn that ushers in the bridal day,
And with the twilight brings the bridal joy,
Yours is the torch that once would light the
way

Of that fair pagan boy,
Who guided hearts, and married their de-
light,
And closed the portals on the nuptial night.

Long years ago, when on the Syrian hills
A glory shone, and all the world grew light,
Ours was the day, and his the endless night;
We left him dreaming on Hymettus mount,
Where murmur of the bees his slumber fills,
And all the bubbling rills;
The honey stolen from the wilding hive
Clings to the dryad's lip; he dreams it
sweet.

And her fond kisses keep his hope alive,
But waking finds the sun upon the plain,
With all the world in combat at his feet,
And all his vassals fallen from his train.

Nor is Professor Fletcher's "Overture"
all that could be wished. His verse is
very uneven, varying at its highest from
a kind of earnest dignity to the frank
banality of "A Nice (?) Distinction"
and "The Lesson." Even at its best it
is a little rugged, frequently it is crab-
bed; as though the fusion of thought
with form were never quite perfect.
Something he has got from Browning,
no doubt; more from Meredith. Indeed,
it is hard to keep "Modern Love" out of

mind in reading his "Ransom." Per-
haps the best, at all events the most
interesting, things that he does are
genre, like the "Seven Sandwichmen on
Broadway," and his little sketches about
New York, like "Riverside":

Windless waters roll aglaze
Under smoke-swept purple haze
Streaked with long, slant, lurid rays.

Heights across the river seem
Drifting off like hills of dream,
On which silvery steam-wraiths gleam.

Eerily, as daylight dies,
Motor-cars with nightmare eyes,
Scuttle past with croaking cries.

Where dim buildings loom a-line,
As from many a cliffside shrine,
Lights in cavelike chambers shine.

Past the moon-path in midstream
Lithe tugs leap with sudden scream;
Huge, squat barges, beam to beam

Like slaves fettered, three and three,
With the slave's pace, patiently
Bear their burdens out to sea.

CURRENT FICTION.

Ethan Frome. By Edith Wharton. New
York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

More than ten years ago Mrs. Whar-
ton published a short story called "The
Duchess at Prayer." Since that time
we have cherished an estimate of her
powers which no intermediate acces-
sion to her repertory has raised, nor
even, to speak truth, quite justified.
Practised, cosmopolitan, subtle, she has
seemed, on the whole, to covet most
earnestly the refinements of Henry
James. In spite of her habit of a
franker approach, her consistent rating
of matter above manner, and the gravi-
tation—we should hesitate to say trans-
fer—of her interest from exotic to na-
tive themes; we might have been rea-
sonably content to rank her as the
greatest pupil of a little master, were
it not for the appearance of "Ethan
Frome." This startling fulfilment re-
calls not only the promise of the early
story, but its revelation of a more po-
tent influence—the inspiring example
of a greater novelist to whom Mr.
James's *devoirs* have been paid in the
phrase, "The master of us all." Exactly
how much the inception and execution
of "The Duchess at Prayer" owed to
Balzac's "La grande Bretèche" is be-
yond our present point, which is, spe-
cifically, that the excellence of Mrs.
Wharton's work in this case outstripped
the charge of imitation, and allied her
with that company of splendid talents
whom neither magnificence nor the
catastrophes of passion can abash.

There is certainly no imitative strain
in "Ethan Frome." The style is assured
and entirely individual, the method di-
rect and firm in its grasp—upon—sub-
stantial fact. Yet here is the compan-
ion-piece to the "Duchess," a variation
upon the same theme of triumphant

malice and tortured love, evoking the
same emotions. And here as there the
genius of a place presides, and the
scene and the hour conspire to meet the
racial temper. But there is this great
difference: in the place of sumptuous
memories, decaying under the sultry
oppression of Italian noon, she was, at
heart, a stranger; whereas she writes
now of New England as one writes of
home, plainly, and with a wealth of un-
derstanding and familiar allusion. Even
the arrangement of the narrative is de-
signed to fit the life described and its
probabilities rather than to satisfy any
precious scruples. A winter-bound
stranger in an out-of-the-way Massachu-
setts hamlet recognizes in the limping
figure of Ethan Frome the "ruin of a
man," and apprehends some singular
misfortunes behind his obvious plight.
The sparse comment of a community re-
spectful of privacies and little indul-
gent to curiosity yields but scanty in-
formation. Out of the native's penury
come at length hours of enforced com-
panionship, the daily rides to the sta-
tion during which "Frome drove in si-
lence, the reins loosely held in his left
hand, his brown, seamed profile, un-
der the helmet-like peak of the cap,
relieved against the banks of snow."

"It was that night," explains the vis-
itor, "that I found the clue to Ethan
Frome, and began to put together this
vision of his story." Such an approach
could not be improved, forbearing, as
it does, to violate the seal of silence;
nor could, we think, the conclusion of
village confidences be spared, with its
ultimate breaking down of reserve be-
tween the initiated, its natural cadence
of secret curiosity, and its softening
echo of unavailing human sympathy.

Surely, the melancholy spirit that
haunts the remoter byways of rural
New England has entered into this
chronicle; over all its scenes breathe the
benumbing and isolating rigors of her
winters, a sense of invisible fetters, a
consciousness of depleted resources, a
reticence and self-contained endurance
that even the houses know how to ex-
press, retired from the public way, or
turned sideways to preserve a secluded
entrance. Yet it is with a softly-breath-
ed strain of native romance that the
drama opens. As well try to trans-
plant arbutus from its native habi-
tat as to dissociate this exquisite bur-
geoning of passion from its homely cir-
cumstances and the inflexible trammels
of a local speech meant for taciturnity
rather than expression. Thriving on
meagre opportunities and pleasures—
the coasting, the picnic, the walk home
from the "church sociable"—and on the
sharing of frugal household cares, the
love between the young farmer and the
little dependent who inefficiently "help-
ed" in his home, spread like a secret
flowering too innocent and too fragrant
to escape the wife's malicious eye. The

brave and fragile figure of Mattie Silvers is not an idealized one, although this is the type of New England girlhood whose modesty and touch of fairy grace have been the subject of much poetry.

The wife who stands for fate in this drama is a curious and repugnant figure. She introduces the same vein of close-mouthed malignity which darkens local history. The helpless fear and loathing she inspires in her husband is the essence of supernatural terror without its obsolete husk of ignorance. By showing this instance of a hypochondriac roused by jealousy out of a "sullen self-absorption" and transformed into a mysterious alien presence, an evil energy secreted from the long years of silent brooding, Mrs. Wharton touches on a very radical identity. We realize that the same gloating satisfaction that made the wife smile upon the parting lovers, had something to do with her capabilities as a nurse. Her pleasure at the sight of pain she had inflicted—was it, perchance, from such an evil spring that her strength was drawn for the long years of drudgery between two cripples?

No hero of fantastic legend was ever more literally hag-ridden than was Ethan Frome. The profound irony of his case is that it required his own goodness to complete her parasitic power over him. Without his innate honesty and his sense of duty he could have escaped her demands and her decrees, refused the money for her nostrums and "doctor books," followed the vision of a new free life "out West." In his submission to obligation and in his thwarted intellectual aspirations he typifies the remnant of an exceptional race whose spiritual inheritance has dwindled amid hard conditions until all distinction is forfeited except that of suffering; but which still indicates its quality, if only by its capacity for suffering.

The wonder is that the spectacle of so much pain can be made to yield so much beauty. And here the full range of Mrs. Wharton's imagination becomes apparent. There is possible, within the gamut of human experience, an exaltation of anguish which makes a solitude for itself, whose direct contemplation seals the impulse of speech and strikes cold upon the heart. Yet sometimes in reflection there is revealed, beneath the writhing torment, the lineaments of a wronged and distorted loveliness. It is the piteous and intolerable conception which the Greeks expressed in the Medusa head that Mrs. Wharton has dared to hold up to us anew, but the face she shows us is the face of our own people.

The Autobiography of a Woman Alone.
New York: D. Appleton & Co.

A note states that "this book is not a novel, but a record of the actual experiences of the woman, who is the nar-

rator." One wonders, in all courtesy, if the little boy lied? or if the little girl did? One feels rather sure in either case that the writer had in mind an American Marie-Claire. America is a less picturesque field than France for such adventure, and the style of the American wage-earner lacks the finish of her French sister's. We cannot recall in the Parisian seamstress's vocabulary any word corresponding to the New England college graduate's "cute," for instance. In self-pity Dorothy Baldwin far outdoes Marie-Claire. The parallel indeed may be dropped as the book advances, since it is with life in a great city that this book mainly concerns itself.

Miss Baldwin's country life and country college career are quickly disposed of. From self-sacrificing motives she betakes herself to New York to earn her living. There is an original touch here in her meeting with both kindness and success instead of rebuffs and starvation. As secretary to a woman philanthropist she works early and late, but she makes always a reasonably comfortable living. Policemen, car-conductors, boarding-house keepers, are universally kind and pleasant. The emphasis is laid on the loneliness of one dwelling under the abnormal conditions of a toiler, solitary in a crowd, with no relatives, no domestic hearth; in particular, no husband. Dorothy's first high hope of one were rudely dashed to the ground by a man of protecting nature, manly yet sweet, whose cloven hoof is clumsily fitted upon a chivalrous, flower-and-candy-bestowing exterior. The hoof having demolished her prospects, she turns more assiduously than ever to business. Seeking employment, she finds misunderstanding, and returns to her charity work. Next she enters upon a trial marriage, feeling that her "motive was honest" and her "heart was pure." Disillusionment succeeds this step. Thereafter he of the cloven hoof reappears proposing marriage, and is scorned. At last a real husband is procured. In her "plenitude of joy" she is enabled, let us hope, to forget to be "baffled by her own intensity." Her story, as we see it, is a study in self-commiseration, a wail, sincere but far from tonic, for the lone woman worker, and a warning against trial marriages.

The Last Galley. By A. Conan Doyle.
New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

The present volume falls apart into two sharply defined sections. Concerning the eight stories that make up the second half of the book, the author says in his preface that they explain themselves. What he means is that they stand by themselves, on their own merits as bits of imaginative fiction. As such they are quite readable, without reaching a very high level, either of invention or of narrative skill. A possible ex-

ception is the story of the English noblewoman during the sporting times of good King George the Fourth; she hires a professional pugilist to trounce her husband, who is a bully and beats her. In the first half of the book, Sir Arthur has made an attempt at developing a new literary form which is to stand halfway between fiction and history and find its interest "not in the happenings to particular individuals, their adventures and loves, but in the fascination of the actual facts of history themselves," colored with the glamour of fiction. The experiment might be worth making; but what our author has given us is not imaginative history, but a series of sermons on British imperialism after Mr. Kipling's latest manner. The sinking of the last Carthaginian galley is obviously a plea for anti-German Dreadnoughts. The evacuation of Britain by the Romans is an argument against the evacuation of India by the British. It is a form of preachment which has been done to death in England. We are grateful that no scene from ancient Athenian history has been evoked in favor of the Boy Scouts or against the payment of the members of the House of Commons. Where the writer forgets to play Cassandra, as in the chapter on Nero the musician or the coming of the Huns, he is entertaining.

OLD BOOKS.

Frankfort Book Fair. By Henri Estienne. Edited by James W. Thompson. Chicago: The Caxton Club.

Frankfort-on-the-Main was founded by Charlemagne, who built a fortified villa there. It early gained importance as a trading centre. Its fairs, of which the first record dates from 1240, soon were prominent among those of the German cities, and retained that prominence for several hundred years. Not long after the invention of printing, the city became the centre of the local book trade, then of the German, and finally of the international trade. In the latter part of the sixteenth century, Henri Estienne, of the famous family of French printers, who frequently visited Frankfort for the sale of his publications, was so pleased with its spirit that he wrote, in Latin, and published in 1574, a small volume in its praise. The volume, now very rare, has recently been published by the Caxton Club of Chicago, with an original English translation, an historical introduction, and notes. By this venture, the Caxton Club has again put in its debt lovers of fine books and students of the art of printing and of the history of book-selling. The club has published many interesting books, has given to their preparation much care and expense, but upon none of them has it put as much research and care as upon this "Frankfort Book Fair" of Henri Estienne.

The format was designed by Ralph Fletcher Seymour of the Alderbrink Press of Chicago, with suggestions and criticisms from Frederick W. Gookin. Those learned in books of the sixteenth century can find defects. But the defects are nearly all such as must appear, at the present stage of printing in this country, in any volume which involves as wide a range of typographic problems. As a whole, the book gives one the impression of breadth, generosity, and richness; and all without raising in the observer any unpleasant sensation of wearying labor on the part of the makers. The paper, unbleached Arnold hand-made, is very nearly eight by eleven inches; the type page proper is five by seven and three-fourths, to which marginal notes, where they are needed, add about an inch and a quarter of width. The type, which was designed by Mr. Seymour and is a bold Roman on a sixteen-point body, produces a page of good color, holding its own, even where notes in smaller type of the same cut confine it at bottom and side. Had the page been opened with very thin leads, the occasional dark spots caused by the conjunction of ascenders and descenders would have been lightened; but the page as a whole would probably have lost much of its vigor. To design a type face, even a good one, is almost to invite defeat in the opinion of the critics, partly because we are so far from having any standards save those born of precedent and personal taste. The saving grace is always simplicity, and this Mr. Seymour has used. If the cross-bar of the capital A had been dropped a little, perhaps the space above would never have filled and produced a black spot, as it sometimes has, and the letter would have lost nothing in dignity. One may ask why, if the top serif of the M be left square, that on the N should have a curve. But these are very minor points; the new letter composes well and gives a very legible and dignified page.

The many illustrations enrich the text without enfeebling it or giving the reader annoyance. They are included, not simply as ornaments, though most of them serve well as such, but to illustrate and enliven the text. They would perform this function much better if their proper legends were set below them, instead of being placed only in the list at the front of the book. To have given to the illustrations their own notes would have added to their value to the reader without weakening or spotting the page. The side notes come dangerously near the margin of the leaf. Here lies perhaps the typographic feature which will be most criticised. But the book is large enough already. The page proper is admirably proportioned and placed, and why may not the modern printer, if he is moved thereto, give his notes the secondary air they are entitled to by crowding them a lit-

tle? There has been a little too much of law laid down in recent years concerning the sanctity of margins. It is well to find now and then, in the art of printing, a successful violation of over-stringent law.

The Latin text of Estienne's book, set in a trade italic which harmonizes admirably with Seymour's Roman face, is put opposite the English translation. The latter is, of course, much the longer; but the page-for-page balance is cleverly retained by placing in the Latin text reproductions of old wood cuts taken from books printed in Frankfort and bearing upon the general theme of the volume. The head and tail pieces and all the illustrations, a total of 187, are likewise from Frankfort books. The initials, designed by Mr. Seymour, are in keeping with the type and the wood cuts. Among the inserts are four large reproductions in collotype of early Frankfort views. Mr. Seymour designed for the end-paper a large, bold decoration, with an old seal of the city and the device of the Caxton Club for its main features.

For the selection of the book, the editing, and the historical introduction, Prof. James Westfall Thompson, associate professor of European history in the University of Chicago, is responsible. Professor Thompson has long been known as an enthusiast in bibliography and a student of the better phases of book madness. He has here attempted a very difficult task and the measure of his success can be grasped only by one who has labored long in the same field. The book centres, of course, upon Estienne's brief encomium; but this with its translation form simply a text on which Professor Thompson hangs a discussion of European fairs; a history, the first in English, of Frankfort and its fair; and a history of Frankfort book printers, the first of this subject in any language. The available information in these fields is vast. The list of as many of the books consulted as Professor Thompson thinks it wise to give in an appendix runs to sixty titles. The other apparatus comprises, besides the illustrations and the bibliography, a good index, a copy of Michael Harder's manuscript catalogue of the books, he offered for sale at the "Frankfort Lenten Fair" of 1569, and many very complete tables of the number and character of books printed and sold in Germany and other countries in the fifteenth, sixteenth, and early seventeenth centuries.

As early as 1498 books came to the fair from as far as Venice, and by 1540 came printers, book-sellers, proof-readers, wood-cut makers, and binders from all parts of Europe. Noted European scholars came to enjoy one another's companionship, and to browse. Professor Thompson shows us what a tremendous incentive Luther gave to book-making

and what the rivalry was between books in Latin and books in German. He describes also the development of the book catalogue and gives an interesting account of that imperial control of book catalogues which seemed to mark the beginning not only of press censorship but also of the recognition of the rights of authors and printers in their publications.

The somewhat pompous tone of Estienne's little treatise is properly reflected in Professor Thompson's English version; and in general the rendering is accurate. Curiously enough, a slip in the opening words deprives the senate of Frankfort of the adjectives "honorable and most worthy" and the city of its "renown."

Of the many enthusiasms in which Estienne indulges as he recounts the beauty of Frankfort, the excellence of its government, its moderate prices, the marvellous gathering of the world's products which the fairs display, the power they exert in the promotion of trade, and the honesty and fair dealing shown by buyers and sellers, even by the Jews, naturally the most characteristic, intense, and interesting is that wherein he touches upon books, printers, and scholars:

The Muses assemble their printers and book-sellers in the city at the time of the fair, and order them to bring with them the poets, the orators, the historians, the philosophers, and not only those whom Greece and Italy once had, but also those to whom the lands which are visited by the nine Muses daily give birth. . . . For one is mistaken who supposes that only the writings and not the writers themselves are to be seen in this city which, as I have said, could well be called the Frankfort Athens. . . . Here all may enjoy the living voice of many honored persons, who gather here from many different academies. . . . The Italians speak falsely when they insist that the Germans have all their genius located in their fingers; as if this nation excelled only . . . in the mechanical arts. Let them visit, let them visit, I say, the Frankfort fair, and this Athenian fair which it has associated with it; and the first sight of the latter will convict their statement of falsity. . . . This fair, indeed, can provide one with a library hardly less rich than were those libraries, so celebrated in the past, of Ptolemy, of Polycrates, of Pisisstratus, . . . and at no monstrous expense. . . . While Germany thus gathers in Frankfort this abundance of books for those interested in literature and the liberal arts, she adds a new service to the old, . . . that service by which he who invented the art of printing was unwilling to cherish that invention in his own bosom, but shared it with all the world to the highest good of the human race. For this one and the same act of his shattered and dispelled the dense shades of ignorance; struck from its throne and drove afar that barbarism which had so long reigned everywhere; brought back the exiled Muses and gave to literature its greatest impulse and its strongest support.

Notes

Among the Oxford books in Henry Frowde's list are: "The Memoirs of Sir John Burdon Sanderson," the work of Lady Burdon Sanderson, who is now dead, completed by J. E. Haldane and Miss E. S. Haldane; the fourth volume of Professor Oman's "History of the Peninsular War," and Robert P. Porter's "The Full Recognition of Japan."

The Columbia University Press will soon publish a volume of "New Poems of James I of England," edited by Dr. Allan F. Westcott. More than half of these poems are from a hitherto neglected manuscript in the British Museum, and are now printed for the first time.

Forbes Lindsay's new book on "Cuba and Her People" will be brought out by L. C. Page & Co., early in November.

Lemcke & Buechner are to be the American agents for a volume of "Lettres inédites de John Locke à ses amis Nicolas Thoynard, Philippe van Limborch, et Edward Clarke," edited by Henry Ollion.

Dr. McGiffert's "Martin Luther: The Man and His Work" is now announced by the Century Company for immediate publication.

Tunis of to-day is the subject of an interesting article by F. E. Johnson in the *National Geographic Magazine* for August. With the help of the illustrations one is able to get an idea of the attractions of what is regarded as one of the most beautiful cities of the Orient, a city which in ancient times was one of the principal places in the "granary of the world," so marvellous was the Roman system of irrigation. Prof. T. L. Blayney's account of a journey in Morocco enables one to realize the present conditions of this bone of contention, as well as the tremendously difficult problems the French must solve if they undertake its overlordship. The starting point was Tangier, the other important places reached being Fez, one of the sacred cities of the Moslem world, and Mequinez.

An enthusiastic account of the development of Canada and the geographical conditions affecting it is given in the *Geographical Journal* for October by Prof. W. L. Grant of Queen's University, Kingston. He even intimates that in the future it will be the centre of the British Empire, and that London is to be replaced by Winnipeg. The well-known Kashmir medical missionary, Dr. Arthur Neve, gives an account of some of his numerous journeys in the Himalayas, in which he studied the great factors of erosion, rain, glaciers, and earthquakes. In the animated discussion of the paper at the meeting of the Royal Geographical Society, Sir Thomas Holdich asked the members "to recognize the enormous amount of assistance to geographical inquiry, which is due, not only to Dr. Neve, but to the whole of the great fraternity of missionaries."

"Masks and Minstrels of New Germany" (John W. Luce & Co.), is the result of Percival Pollard's enthusiasm for Otto Julius Bierbaum, a troubadour, novelist, traveller, and critic, whose songs of wine and women represent the tone of revolt and negation now prevalent in German letters.

The new nationalism, also a conspicuous note, he discusses only incidentally, in connection with the military lyrics of Detlev von Lillencron. His great interest is in spontaneous drinking songs and blithe voicings of nature and the ego without regard to the conventions of morality. Lillencron, Bierbaum, Hartleben, Dehmel, and the other poets reviewed have been strongly influenced by Nietzsche. Yet their neo-pagan spirit is not esoteric or the product of a coterie. Their songs have been popular in the variety theatres and are still heard on the streets of Munich and Berlin. Owing to this fact the Ueberbrett movement comes in for comment. This effort to render the entertainments of the music hall more artistic was first promulgated in Bierbaum's novel "Stilpe" as the project of a half-mad journalist, conceived in the fumes of a drunken orgy. But within three years the satiric pronouncement had been carried out in Berlin by the author and his friends. It began as a joke and went to pieces when the joke grew stale, but the influence spread over Germany. Even America has seen the effects in "The Merry Widow" and the succession of Viennese operettas. For Americans, however, the most interesting part of Mr. Pollard's book deals with the dramatists. Hauptmann and Sudermann, being already buried under academic criticism, are passed by in silence. But Wedekind, the author of "Spring's Awakening," and Schnitzler, whose "Green Cockatoo" was presented by Mrs. Fiske last season, and Hermann Bahr, whose "Concert" has had a remarkable run in New York, are dealt with at length.

To refer to Mr. Pollard's volume as a critical work would be highly displeasing to its author. It purports to be simply a record of sensations and impressions. It tells of turning the pages of a magazine, the *Island*, and of thus entering fresh fields of literature full of alluring prospects. It lingers over the delight in some erotic or neurotic poem that reminds the author, queerly enough, of the minnesingers of the Middle Ages. In another chapter it describes with the most unprejudiced impartiality the product of Wedekind's diseased imagination, or the devilish perversity in Arthur Schnitzler's portrayal of Viennese fastidiousness in amatory etiquette. Mr. Pollard should hardly be expected to furnish a study of the ideas of these new writers, since most of them had little interest in ideas; they lived for novel and varied sensations. But he might have attempted an analysis of the prevailing attitude toward life and destiny, or have indicated the significance of these decadent movements in the history of the German lyric and drama. Such attempts, however, Mr. Pollard would classify as the deadening preoccupations of literary Brahmins.

It is with a distinct sense of gratitude for a small favor that one welcomes the facsimile of the English edition of Samuel Blodgett's "Prospective Plan" of the battle near Lake George on September 8, 1755, with its accompanying explanation (London: Henry Stevens Son & Stiles). No one can understand that somewhat important episode in the Seven Years War without studying the observant sutler's record of what he saw, and the English version of his sketches is a good deal better than nothing. It is almost equally far from being as illu-

minating as the original Boston engraving, of which an excellent facsimile was issued in 1902, by the librarian of the Massachusetts Historical Society. This facsimile was not accompanied by a reprint of the pamphlet issued at the same time as the original engraving, containing explanations of the data on the plan, which without these explanations is quite unintelligible. Both the plan and the pamphlet were reprinted in London the same year that they appeared in Boston, and it is this London reprint which has now been facsimiled, with an editorial note by Henry N. Stevens. Doubtless it is just about as good as the Boston edition, which it would have been as easy, and much more satisfactory to students and bibliophiles, to reproduce.

Volume V of "A Historical Geography of the British Colonies" (Frowde), which is being brought out under the editorship of Sir Charles P. Lucas, gives a large place to Canada. The volume has four parts; the first two, comprising the bulk of the historical considerations, were published some three years ago as the work of Hugh E. Egerton. Parts iii and iv, which are now published, are by J. D. Rogers. Part iv contains not only the geography but the history of Newfoundland, which explains away the seeming lack of balance in assigning an entire part to that single colony. Part iii is given up to the geography of the Dominion.

Mr. Rogers sketches in part iii the features of the Dominion as they were discovered and explored by adventurers from the days of Queen Elizabeth onward to the final accomplishment of the Northwest Passage by Amundsen in 1903-6. The whole volume is occupied with the ethnological problem rather than with what would ordinarily be termed geography. Geographical features are only emphasized in order to explain the distribution of population, and Mr. Rogers is careful to bring out the preponderantly British character of the population of Canada, in spite of the large infusion of non-English-speaking immigrants which has gone on in recent years. In Quebec, the French are still largely in the majority—forming, in 1901, 76 per cent. of the population; but in all the other provinces the inhabitants of British descent greatly outnumber Germans, French, and other European races. In the new provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and Alberta, where the greater part of the non-English-speaking immigration now goes, 70 per cent. of the population are of British origin and 11 per cent. come from the United States; besides, there are communities of Germans, Galicians, Doukhobours, Hungarians, Rumanians, Scandinavians, and half-breeds from Mesopotamia.

In the volume on Newfoundland, Mr. Rogers's chief problem has been to unravel the politics of cod-fishing. Newfoundland is even yet inhabited chiefly on the coast, with no inland towns. Although responsible government was introduced into the island in 1855, it was 1902 before any town or city had municipal institutions. St. John's obtained a town council in 1888, but it was not wholly elective, and had no power to levy or collect revenue. In 1902 the city obtained full self-government, but St. John's is the only city which up to 1910 had progressed so far. Harbor Grace, Carboneur, Heart's Content, and Tulligate are moving for similar powers; but at the time Mr.

Rogers wrote they had attained only the stage reached by St. John's in 1888. The long series of complications both with France and with the United States over the cod, herring, and lobster fisheries are carefully detailed; and an excellent summary of the natural history of both land and sea in Newfoundland makes clear the prime importance of the fishing industry. The Newfoundlander thinks in terms of fish, and to him fish is cod or cod bait. Mr. Rogers shows how this peculiarity of the island colony has made for isolation both in interests and character—an isolation that so far has foiled all attempts to make Newfoundland part of the Dominion of Canada.

The eleventh publication of the Irish Texts Society is a volume of the "Poems of David O'Bruadair," edited and translated by the Rev. John C. MacErlean, S. J. The edition is to be completed in three parts. Father MacErlean, who is already favorably known to Celtic scholars by his edition of the poems of Keating, has shown the same competence in the present production. His text is carefully constructed, after what appears to have been a thorough collation of the manuscript materials; his translations are trustworthy; and his introduction and notes supply full discussion of O'Bruadair's life and of the text, metre, and subject-matter of his poems. If we were to single out a less satisfactory part of the editor's work, it would be found in some of his general literary observations. We do not follow him, for example, when (on page xxi) he denies all influence of Latin literature on Irish poetry, and then explains its absence by the "extraordinary refinement of Irish poetry, which rendered its style and spirit impregnable to the assaults of foreign literatures." We feel the more bound to take exception to such a comment because remarks of the sort, it is our impression, are too common in the writings of the native Irish scholars who are doing a really important service in the publication of Gaelic texts. The edition of O'Bruadair, when completed, will be admirably representative of the Gaelic poetry of the seventeenth century. The volume now published contains hymns and elegies, epithalamia, and personal and political satires. While many of the pieces are conventional in language and structure, some depict with vividness the Irish life of the time, and some have decided lyrical beauty. All of them, moreover, merit the consideration of the historian as expressing the mind and spirit of the Gaelic population of Ireland in the age of the Stuarts and the Commonwealth. Regarded thus as historical documents, a number of the Publications of the Irish Texts Society have a value which is sometimes forgotten.

Col. Charles Edward Stewart was an officer in the Indian army and later in the diplomatic service. He went through the Mutiny and the Umbeylah campaign against the Wahabis and the Akhund of Swat—famous even in these western lands—and travelled much in Persia and Afghanistan on his way to and from his appointments and on boundary commissions. Especially he made a journey, disguised as an Armenian horse dealer, which carried him across Persia and far up into the Turkoman country, then just feeling the restraining shock of the Russian advance. Wide experiences followed as consul and consul-general at Resht, Meshed, Tebriz,

and Astrabad. His last seven years of service were spent more quietly at Odessa, the last year being 1899. His book, "Through Persia in Disguise" (Dutton), takes its title from the most picturesque but hardly the most important episode in his life. It consists of full extracts from his diaries, extending from his first going to India in 1857 to the end of his official life; it was worked up into a continuous narrative after his death by Basil Stewart. But though the East is supposed to be unchanging and in certain respects really is so, and though he left Persia only in 1890, yet the most striking thing about this book is that it deals with a situation utterly gone by. The present series of crises in Persia would have been unthinkable, certainly unintelligible, to Col. Stewart. He had evidently no idea of the ferment which, even in his time, were working beneath the surface and which are now transforming the East. For him these countries contained no hope in themselves, but were to be kept in order by pressure from without or, if there were absolute need of it, were to be annexed and administered. And to very few, at that time, it is true, had other possibilities appeared. But though this book gives pictures of the past, its pictures are interesting and vivid. In them there is an unchanging East, too; Herodotus knew it and Alexander met it. And similarly Col. Stewart also as a soldier, a geographer, and, above all, a practical, clear-sighted man, has his contacts with the modern world. There are parts of Khorasan, where his surveys are still the only authority; he was early interested in central Asian railways; and he was one of the first to urge in the West the use of petroleum products as fuel in steamships and locomotives. There are two good maps and some illustrations, three Oriental.

How long the journalistic mill of the late William Eleroy Curtis will be kept grinding by enterprising publishers we have no means of telling, but apparently his letters to newspapers from Eastern countries will furnish grist as long as the present war lasts. Following closely upon his "Turkestan," there appears now "Around the Black Sea" (Doran), which is as readable, discursive, and in part, it must be said, as little authoritative as most correspondence of this sort. The topics are not closely related, and some of them, like "Florence Nightingale and Her Work," and the conventional descriptions of Odessa and other cities, are pure padding. Of the English transliteration of Russian names the author has no idea, and the haste in putting out this volume did not allow the proof-reader to correct such misprints as "Galatzin," "Malikoff," "Luxenburg," "Van Wied," etc., etc. The volume has good illustrations and a map of Asia Minor, the Caucasus and the Black Sea to which the publishers justly call attention. This map, an admirable product of the Stanford Press, is alone worth the price of the book.

In the literature of Western railway and land exploitation there is no better known name than that of Robert E. Strahorn, whose book on the resources and attractions of Wyoming Territory, published in 1877, brought him to the notice of Jay Gould, and placed him for many years at the head of a literary bureau and advertising department of the Union Pacific Rail-

way Company. The tender of this position was made to Mr. Strahorn just after his marriage, and he accepted, upon the condition that his wife should be permitted to accompany him in the arduous and constant travel necessary to the work in hand. After much objection, the point was yielded, and the result has been a career of travel and sight-seeing under rigorously primitive conditions such as probably no other American woman has ever experienced. Mrs. Strahorn kept no systematic diary, and the volume before us—"Fifteen Thousand Miles by Stage"; Putnam—is made up in the main from memory, checked and supplemented by her husband's writings, newspaper work of her own, and especially her constant letters to her mother, a few of which are inserted in the text. As literature, the book naturally suffers somewhat in style from the surroundings out of which it came, though it must be said, on the other hand, that many of Mrs. Strahorn's relations of fact could never have gained acceptance in her husband's volumes of—we shall not say fiction, but description of the marvellous resources and beauties of our grand and glorious West. Tales of the same type have been so often told that it is needless to indicate here, either by quotation or otherwise, the general nature of her narrative. A book of frontier travel and adventure can no longer win its way by novelty, but must depend upon the reaction of frontier life upon an original and engaging personality. Mrs. Strahorn has met this requirement sufficiently to present a very readable book. With some allowance made for rhetorical hyperbole, her book must be taken as a fairly accurate picture of a phase of American life of which she herself has been a part, and which she has seen pass away through the very influence which brought her upon the scene, the growth of Western railway enterprise. The book has a certain value for the light which it throws upon some of the methods called into play in stimulating that enterprise. On one occasion Mr. Strahorn was called upon by his superiors, without previous warning, to produce six separate pamphlets of 100 pages each, on as many different States and Territories, all to be printed and ready for distribution within ninety days. It is little wonder that, even with his wife's assistance, the conclusion of the task found him ordered to the South for recuperation from complete physical collapse.

Richard Kendall Munkittrick, the writer of humorous verse, died at Stamford, Conn., on Tuesday of last week in his fifty-ninth year. He was born in Manchester, England, but was educated in this country. From 1881 to 1889 he was on the staff of *Puck*. He was the editor of *Judge* from 1901 to 1905. He was the author of several books, among them "The Moon Prince and Other Nabobs," "New Jersey Arabian Nights," "The Acrobatic Muse," and "The Slambangaree."

From London comes the report of the death of Miss Sarah Smith, better known as "Hesba Stretton," at the age of seventy-nine. Her "Jessica's First Prayer," published in 1867, was enormously popular, and was translated into many languages. Among her other books are "Alone in London" and "Pilgrim Street."

The death is announced of Dr. Wilhelm Dilthey. He was born in 1833, and from 1882 to 1905 was professor of moral philosophy in the University of Berlin. Among his works may be mentioned "Das Leben Schleiermachers," "Das Schaffen des Dichters," "Beiträge zum Studium der Individualität," "Die Funktion der Anthropologie in der Kultur des 16ten und 17ten Jahrhunderts," "Studien zur Grundlegung der Geisteswissenschaften," and "Die Jugendgeschichte Hegels."

The Parisian journalist J. Vibert has just died. He was the author of "L'Œuvre de M. de Bismarck."

Science

Characteristics of Existing Glaciers. By William Herbert Hobbs. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$3.25 net.

The late Professor Israel C. Russell of the University of Michigan issued some fifteen years ago a series of works upon physiographic topics to be used as reading texts. The glaciers, volcanoes, and lakes of North America were successively the subjects of individual volumes. Prof. Wm. H. Hobbs, his successor in the chair at Ann Arbor, is maintaining the traditions of the department, and to an earlier work on earthquakes now adds this excellent summary of the main points relating to glacial ice. The basis of the book consists of three papers upon as many different topics, published in physiographic journals within a year or two past. As now brought together, they treat, respectively, mountain glaciers, arctic glaciers, and antarctic glaciers. They cover thus the chief manifestations of ice in nature. To the three is prefixed a general introduction in which emphasis is laid upon the evolution of glacial theories and upon the contrasts of the smaller and larger masses of ice.

In discussing the mountain glaciers the author has before him chiefly their physiographic effects. The resulting land-forms are described in detail and a number of features not generally familiar to the casual student or reader are well illustrated. The sharp conical peaks of northern Norway will surprise those who have not chanced to see them in travels. The dissection of restricted table-lands from which glacial ice flows outward is clearly set forth, as are the cirques, the U-shaped valleys, the fjords, and similar phenomena. In accord with the book's title, it is these characteristics, with which the author is here concerned, rather than with the deposition, cause of movement, and life-history of the masses of ice.

In the part on arctic glaciers the observations hitherto made by the various polar expeditions are naturally the sources of information. Greenland is necessarily the chief topic, but other portions of the frozen North are not over-

looked. In the case of mountains, the local relief greatly influences the movement and effects produced by the ice; but in Greenland and similar areas, the relief is overwhelmed by the huge ice-cap and the local topography is of little moment, except at the edges. The area of accumulation in Greenland and the cause of the precipitation which yields this continental, glacial mass, seem to be still a matter of some uncertainty. The author opposes the view of Drygalski that the moisture comes from the east, and favors an anticyclonic descent of air-currents upon the lofty area, and their subsequent outward flow. The topic of icebergs closes the second part of the book.

The third part is devoted to the vast mass of the south polar ice-sheet, which, resting as it doubtless does upon greatly elevated land, possesses peculiarities all its own. The wonderful marginal ice with its precipitous escarpment, many miles in extent, impresses readers at a distance scarcely less than observers along its immediate front. Its extraordinary jointing, and the great, rectangular icebergs which it consequently yields, are different from the arctic ice-sheet. The several expeditions which are now engaged in the dash for the South Pole give this region special claims to interest.

From many sources, Professor Hobbs has brought together in condensed and readable form the most important observations upon the subject which he treats. He writes generally in a clear style and makes an interesting book, even though he is a trifle pedantic at times and a little inclined to take himself too seriously, and to bring in uncouth words from languages with which English has little in common.

In "The Dawn of the Health Age" (P. Blakiston's Son & Co.) Dr. Benjamin Moore makes an interesting attempt to solve several social problems relating to the practice of medicine. He starts with the general thesis that if we looked after the death rate the birth rate could be trusted to take care of itself. This would be done by the establishment and development of a National Health Army, that is by making the ordinary practice of medicine in large measure a systematized national service, in which properly qualified medical men, and only such, are in charge of all matters in any way connected with the public health, including much that concerns the health of the private citizen. The evils of the present system, or rather lack of system, are discussed at some length, and Dr. Moore shows forcibly how poorhouses and hospitals as now conducted are inadequate or even futile in protecting the community against itself. He also shows the harmfulness of the existing methods of poor relief and the growing evils of the fee system and of club and lodge practice, which result in the demoralization of the doctor and completely fail in giving the poor timely and sufficient attention. All these difficulties are to be removed by having a

properly trained medical officer, a government official for every 400 to 500 houses or families, with other medical officers in charge of the necessary hospitals and establishments to which may be promptly sent all sick persons that cannot be satisfactorily cared for in their own homes. The gain in working power, in "efficiency," to use a much overworked word, and the incidental diminution of cases of chronic disability likely to become a public charge, together with the economy of hospitals and other establishments conducted by the state, are expected to do more than make good the expense of conducting a salaried public medical service. This book, of course, deals with conditions as met with in Great Britain, but the intelligent reader in any degree familiar with our social problems will find that the American conditions are in many respects similar, and may profitably ponder the details of Dr. Moore's plan, a part of which at least has already made its appearance in Parliamentary discussions in England. The adoption of any such proposal here, except perhaps in certain thickly settled States, presents greater difficulties than on the other side of the ocean.

Drama

Henry Rose's interpretation of "Maeterlinck's Symbolism: The Blue Bird" (Dodd, Mead) will be welcome to those who find comfort in the reference of the points in a novel and brilliant spectacle to moral maxims of the most reassuring longevity and popularity. Mr. Rose's public will not be troubled by the reflection that the author of "Monna Vanna" and the essays is hardly the man to set forth a body of doctrine not one point of which would perplex the intelligence or offend the prejudices of the well-disposed middle-class American. The literary poverty of symbolism is suggested in the fact that the analogies to which Maeterlinck is supposed to have given scenical elaboration have less aptness and point than the majority of the brief similes and metaphors scattered with careless prodigality through his other work. Of positive intellectual value Mr. Rose's essay contains little; but it merits praise for its avoidance of those refinements and subtleties which have made a venture into the field of symbolic interpretation almost tantamount to a renunciation of sanity. The second essay in the volume, "The Optimism of Browning," is a corrective to certain misinterpretations of "Pippa Passes" which would make even Robert Browning an apostle of the lotos-eaters. The third essay, on "The Musical Mind," is negligible.

The production of "The Garden of Allah," in the Century Theatre, is worthy of a certain amount of respectful attention, not only as the first effort of a new management on the most costly and best equipped stage in New York, but because it is the result of a really conscientious and ambitious, though not wholly successful, effort to provide an entertainment at once popular and artistic. From the first great stress has been laid upon the magnificence of the spectacle to be provided, and it is scarcely too much to say that no play has ever been presented in a finer setting. The trouble is that the

piece itself, like the original story, is deficient in true dramatic quality, and that it suffers from the attempt made to supply the lack of action by attractive but irrelevant decoration. The spectator has to wait until the fifth scene before what plot there is begins to unfold itself. Of the descriptive and explanatory writing that forms the great bulk of Mr. Hichens's romance little or nothing, of course, is preserved in the play, and the characters of the two leading personages have been so modified that their conduct is not always intelligible, whereas clearness is vitally essential in dramatic construction. In the theatre the sudden fascination exerted upon the beautiful and idealistic Domini by the renegade and fugitive monk, Androvsky, who inspires distrust in almost every other person, appears artificial and improbable. But it is in its final outcome that the play seems most at variance with the ordinary experience of human nature. Here are the main facts as presented: Domini and her newly wedded husband are enjoying the first fruits of love in the desert, when they are discovered by Count Anteonio, Domini's friend, who recognizes the ex-monk and compels him to reveal the whole truth to his devoted bride. The confession made—in a really eloquent and moving scene—Androvsky pleads his passion as his one and sufficient excuse for having betrayed her into an unholy union, and implores pardon. She, in an apparent rapture of mingled horror and pity, bids him pray—which hitherto he has been unable to do—and he sinks upon his knees. Then the curtain falls and in the next scene Androvsky and his wife are at the doors of the monastery from which he had fled. At her bidding he has consented to renew his broken vows and do perpetual penance. His last momentary hesitation is overcome when she tells him that she is about to become a mother and that the child will be a constant memento of their past happiness. In other words, the revolting monk who dared run the risk of eternal damnation for the sake of forbidden freedom, is willing, just as he has realized his wildest hopes of happiness, to renew the yoke that had galled him to desperation. It is not thus that such a man would act in such circumstances. He might kill himself, or both, or bide his time or seek oblivion in dissipation, but he would not return meekly to his cell, even at the behest of such a woman. Moreover, there is something repellent in the suggestion of a repentance that leaves an innocent associate to suffer alone. A conventional happy ending would have been as easy as it would have been absurd, and the joint adaptors, Mr. Hichens and Mary Anderson, deserve credit for rejecting so conventional an expedient. There are only two strong scenes, one Androvsky's declaration of love and the other his confession of guilt, and in both the English actor exhibited eloquence and passion. The most highly finished and artistic performance was the Count of Eben Plympton. Miss Mannering was a sympathetic but scarcely brilliant Domini. The stage settings, especially the desert scenes, were rarely realistic and beautiful, being notably fine in spaciousness and color.

A new production by David Belasco always commands public attention on account of his preëminence as a stage manager; but his latest play, "The Return of Peter Grimm," is more remarkable for the novelty of its theme than for any high dramatic

or literary quality or serious significance. Dramatically, indeed, it is an altogether conventional and clumsy affair. But the fact that the action is supposed to be dominated by a ghost is certain to appeal to public curiosity. It is conceivable that a drama of absorbing interest might be founded on an impressive use of such preternatural agency, but the imagination of Mr. Belasco is not equal to the task. The spirit is simply a human being divested of his material properties, without any considerable accession of spiritual advantages. Having in his life time, with habitual obstinacy, enjoined upon his adopted niece a loveless marriage with a rascally nephew, Peter returns from the grave—in a ghostly reproduction of his habit as he lived—to undo the mischief he has brought about. As he is inaudible, invisible, and speechless (except for the audience), he can work only by means of suggestion, except in the case of a dying boy, with whom, in the end, he is able to establish direct communication and thus effect the exposure and defeat of the wicked nephew, the union of the true lovers, and the general fulfilment of his ante-mortem designs. The philosophy of the piece is so confused that it is difficult to fathom. The spectral Peter speaks dogmatically of the superior state into which he has entered, but apparently has acquired no special knowledge or authority. He is credited with no other powers than those of mundane mesmerists and mind readers. As an example of persistent energy he is decidedly inefficient. He owes his final success far more to the incredible carelessness of his criminal nephew than to any preternatural influence exerted by himself. As a plausible illustration of any of the many various theories concerning the possible nature of a future life, or of the continued participation of the departed in the worldly troubles from which they are generally supposed to have been freed, it is altogether unsatisfactory. The simple truth is that the author has chosen a subject much too profound and intricate for his capacity, but which will provoke discussion and attract large audiences. Moreover, Mr. Warfield, as the human ghost, acts with the charming naturalness, quiet humor, and sympathetic tenderness which long have characterized his style.

Music

THE LISZT CENTENARY.

Six of the greatest composers of the last century were born within five years: Mendelssohn in 1809, Chopin and Schumann in 1810, Liszt in 1811, Verdi and Wagner in 1813. Verdi's centenary is to be celebrated in Milan by devoting the whole operatic year to the production of a cycle of his works, while in Germany great preparations are already under way to honor Wagner. There was also due recognition of Mendelssohn, Chopin, and Schumann, but Liszt's centenary is celebrated this year with unprecedented ardor and universality. In all Europe and America there is hardly a concert pianist or an orchestral association that has not announced a Liszt

programme or two, and in some places, as at Heidelberg and Budapest, there are festivals lasting nearly a week, at which some of the greatest pianists of the time, mostly former pupils of Liszt (among them D'Albert, Friedheim, Lamond, Rosenthal, Stavenhagen, Sauer, Vera Timanoff, Sophie Menter, and Saint-Saëns), are coöperating with eminent singers and orchestral conductors. Of the Budapest festival, the Hungarian Government itself has charge—which is also an honor without precedent.

All this is, like the triumph of Wagner after many tribulations and delays, a gratifying illustration of the fact that professional pedantry, critical conservatism, and prejudice cannot in the long run stifle genius. Had Liszt in his compositions been merely a virtuoso, a brilliant technician, as his enemies asserted many thousands of times, he would now be a mere memory, like his once celebrated rival Thalberg, whom Fétis and others placed above him as a composer. Liszt was generally underrated until long after his death. To-day, there are few piano recitals the programmes of which do not include one or more of his pieces, Chopin alone being more frequently represented. His songs are still unduly neglected, but his orchestral works are now played in Germany oftener than those of any other masters except Wagner and Beethoven—oftener than those of Brahms and Richard Strauss, who have been in fashion for a decade or longer.

The desire for more information about the life and works of Hungary's famous son has led to the publication, within a few years, of several biographies, of which Mr. Huneker's is the best. The colossal achievements of Liszt, not only as pianist and composer, but as missionary for all that is best in music, new and old, as teacher and helper of hundreds of aspiring musicians, and as reformer in general, loom up larger and larger, although a quarter of a century has passed since his death. It was the many-sidedness of his genius that made Wagner call him the greatest musician of all the ages. Only five other composers—Bach, Schubert, Beethoven, Chopin, and Wagner—wielded so deep and lasting an influence on musicians and the development of their art—and none of them in as many directions—as he did with his piano, his pen, his instruction, his example, and, above all, with his perfecting of the alliance between poetry and music, his infusion of fiery Magyar and gypsy elements into the sluggish current of European musical art, and his innovations in musical form. These last were particularly important, and were the source of virulent opposition, abuse, and hatred. He hacked at the very roots of the traditional sonata and symphonic form, planting in their place the symphonic poem which imparts unity to a composition in place

of the mere sequence of four unconnected pieces that constitute what is called a sonata or a symphony. The new procedure also made it possible for composers to give their pieces an endless variety of novel forms, and for these reasons all the great composers of France, Russia, and Germany, except Brahms, promptly followed in the footsteps of the "emancipator of orchestral music," as Saint-Saëns called the creator of the symphonic poem, the highest type of programme music.

While Liszt was one of the most modest and generous of men, it was not these traits alone that made him for many years discourage rather than encourage the playing of his own works in various cities. Attempts to produce them were likely to prove unsatisfactory because they needed for their effective performance a new kind of conductor—not the old-fashioned time-beater, or the man who thinks he has done his duty when he attains precision and tells the different groups of players when to come in, but a man who interprets an orchestral score as Liszt interpreted piano pieces, putting into them his own individuality, searching their inner meaning and proclaiming it eloquently, with elastic tempo and telling accents. At Weimar he simply applied the principles of his poetic piano playing to the interpretations of orchestral pieces. The results were the same as those achieved by Wagner's reforms in operatic conducting; but Liszt did not learn his art from Wagner, nor did Wagner learn his from Liszt. The two share equally the honor of having given existence to the modern orchestral and operatic conductor.

Through his example and his many pupils, including nearly all the prominent young musicians of his time, Liszt effected a similar and equally radical transformation in piano playing. He, the greatest technician of them all, sounded the death knell of mere technique, of display for its own sake. He created a new kind of piano-playing, which, without ceasing to be as idiomatically pianistic as Chopin's, is at the same time orchestral in sonority and variety of tone-color.

The world is just beginning to get the measure of Liszt's genius. Some of his achievements are still virtually unexploited, notably his church and organ compositions, and his literary works, a rich storehouse of wit and wisdom of which even his biographers have not availed themselves—there is so much to be said about him! Nor has the musical world as yet learned the lesson he set by tolerating and helping all, even his opponents. When a friend asked him why he was always, at social gatherings, genial toward his bitterest critical enemy, Dr. Hanslick, he replied: "I know only two kinds of persons—the clever and the stupid; with

the clever ones I am always glad to converse, even if our views diverge widely; the stupid ones I avoid, even when they burn incense for me."

Art

OLD MASTERS AT THE GRAFTON GALLERY.

LONDON, October 11.

The exhibition of old masters at the Grafton Gallery two years ago was such a success that it is not surprising a second should follow it. The fairly large profits of the first were presented to the National Gallery, which the Government, never liberal where art is concerned, leaves always in need of money. The profits of the second, whatever they may be, are to go to the National Art Collections Fund, which has already helped the National Gallery out of more than one tight place. And, again, the series of paintings and drawings got together is less interesting in itself than in the opportunities it offers to modern art authorities and patrons—to the authorities for the airing of their erudition and the exercise of their ingenuity in making new attributions; to the patrons, for self-congratulation in belonging to a country rich in genuine old masters and not, as some unfortunate nations are, our own for instance, forced to put up with what Lord Curzon described in his opening speech as the cruel fates of the Metropolitan Museum and other New York collections. As for the ordinary visitor, there is the chance to enjoy his own intellectual appreciation of art without the uncomfortable feeling modern work gives him, that he may be appreciating the wrong thing.

More remarkable shows of old masters have often been held in London. The Royal Academy, justly criticised as it is in many respects, deserves little but praise for its long succession of winter exhibitions, though the organizers of the shows at the Grafton are hailed in certain quarters as if they were pioneers. In the present collection the important pictures are in the minority. A number have already figured at one time or another, and not a few quite recently, in the Academy, the New Gallery, the Guildhall, the Burlington Fine Arts Club, or Continental exhibitions, where, either because they were better hung or better arranged according to school or period, they appeared or could be studied to greater advantage. Indeed, the arrangement at the Grafton leaves much to be desired. It is hard to understand the system, or want of system, adopted. Decorative effect, if aimed at, has not been achieved, and so little have schools and periods been considered in most of the rooms that Goya and Rembrandt are found side by side, Watts is discovered

in a corner with Titian and Tintoretto, Romney and Sassoferrato stare at each other in discomfiture from the same alcove.

Where something like system has been observed, as in the first, small, Octagonal Gallery, the result is so admirable that the wonder is it did not serve to set the standard. Here are the early masters of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, mostly Italian—Giotto, Benozzo Gozzoli, Masaccio, Vermejo, Signorelli, and others whose methods are sufficiently in sympathy for their work to be in harmony, and whose designs, though seen on gallery walls instead of in the churches or monasteries still remain decorative. One of the most talked-about paintings in this section is the Masaccio, a Madonna Enthroned with Angels. It shows the disastrous wear and tear of time, but its adventures through the centuries have not destroyed the fine composition nor marred the decorative effect obtained by the careful placing and beautiful balance of the Mother and Child and the surrounding angels. It is talked about, however, less because of its beauty and dignity than because it was once attributed to Gentile da Fabriano, because the new attribution is so recent that the discussion may be prolonged, and because it is supposed to be a part of Masaccio's altar piece for the Church of the Carmine at Pisa, described by Vasari, the other parts of which are said to be in Pisa, Naples, Vienna, and Berlin. As it has not been previously exhibited, probably the last has by no means been heard of it or of its origin and history. But far more interesting, because more impressive as a design, is a noble-spirited St. Michael Overcoming Satan, with the Figure of a Kneeling Donor, ascribed to Bartolommeo Vermejo, a little-known first-century Spanish artist born at Cordova. This painting also appeals to the scientific critic, for the present attribution has not been reached without doubt and discussion. and, indeed, I believe a new master was once invented to account for the picture, not so much, because of any special qualities in it as because of the signature, "Bartolomeus rubens." The exhibition may revive the controversy, but nothing can alter the fact that the man who painted the panel was a master of decoration. Against a gold background, the archangel in shining coat-of-mail and splendid crimson-lined gold mantle, with a wonderful rhythm of movement and line, attacks the dragon, squirming, if subdued, at his feet. The youthful figure of the archangel, all action and energy, is astonishingly alive, real despite its amusingly artificial swagger, and full of charm, while the dragon, fiery-eyed, its mouth wide open to display an alarming and impossible set of teeth, is the most naïve, most charming, most decorative beast

that ever defied knight or saint from a painter's panel or canvas.

That the subject was one often to inspire the early masters, there is a reminder in the adjoining room, where, in a crowded landscape, Sodoma's little St. George, alert, eager, dashing, and from a horse that shares his vivacious enthusiasm, charges a dragon hardly less horrid and primitive and decorative than Vermejo's. But it is in this second room that the difficulty of adjusting one's vision, or one's point of view, increases at every step. From Piero di Cosimo and Filippino Lippi, in examples that can be outdone in beauty and interest by themselves in many a permanent collection of old masters, one passes on to a stiff, archaic Christ Taking Leave of His Mother Before the Passion, by Altdorfer, and an amusing little Venus attributed to Lucas Cranach the Elder, and then, as swiftly, to portraits of women, pretty and sentimental, by Gainsborough and Romney, the Gainsborough notable chiefly, incredible as it seems, because it has been included in no previous exhibition. These portraits frame in a rich, flamboyant Bacchanal by Poussin, and two large paintings, presumably of the Adriatic and the Lagoon in Calm and Storm, by Guardi, with just sufficient of the quality of his work to make one wish so fine an artist had been represented by more characteristic pictures. After this the strange medley of Watts and Titian and Tintoretto, Romney, Sassoferrato, and Goya, leads to Rembrandt, of whom there is less to say because the principal examples were hung in the Rembrandt Exhibitions of Amsterdam and London not much more than ten years ago, and then fully described.

One Rembrandt in the third gallery, however, attracts particular attention just at this moment. I refer to *Le Commencement d'Orage*, the large, sombre landscape under a cloud-laden sky, lent by Lady Wantage, and by some critics claimed for Philips de Koninck. It was exhibited at the Guildhall in 1903, when I remember describing it in the *Nation*. As it happens, there is now hanging close by a large, somewhat similar landscape under a sky heavy with clouds, by de Koninck, lent by Mrs. Bischoffsheim, so that there is a chance for comparison. As the two are seen together, the de Koninck landscape has none of the sombre mystery and dignity so impressive in the Rembrandt, though there are paintings by him that would stand the test much better. However, the special interest of the Rembrandt at the moment is that, also hanging in the same gallery, are a copy of Rembrandt's Mill, said to be by Crome, and A River Scene by Hercules Seghers, whose signature is reported to have been found on the original Mill after it passed into Mr. Widener's possession. In this copy there is far more of the

feeling and character of the big tragic Commencement d'Orage than of Seghers's tranquil, rather characterless pale green river banks under a pale sunlit sky covered with white cumulus clouds. A still further comparison is suggested by Turner's Windmill and Lock, possibly inspired by the Mill, which Turner seems to have known, and now placed on the wall beside Crome's copy. Altogether, for many reasons, this is one of the most interesting groups in the collection. Here and there are other paintings of note. J. P. Haseltine has lent his collection of Dutch drawings, and on the wall opposite to them is an historical collection of British water-colors, including a number of the Turners from Farnley Hall. But I have said enough to explain that whatever may be said of the merits of the show, there can be no question as to its variety. N. N.

December 1 Paul Elder & Co. will issue "The Laws of Japanese Painting," by Henry P. Bowie. The author has studied in Japan for more than nine years under Oriental masters, and ought to speak on the subject with authority.

There would be an impropriety in praising Louis Hourticq's "Art in France" (Scribner, in the "Ars Una" series) at the length it deserves. The conciseness and wit of the author put severe restraint upon the reviewer. It is the first complete history of French art, and the necessarily hasty survey is throughout sympathetic, learned, and brilliant. The book contains the data needed by the beginner, but it will be read with keen delight by the initiate. M. Hourticq's point of view is that of a tolerant classicism. Lucidity he believes to be the native quality of French art. The work of René Ménard especially appeals to our author. Of the neo-impressionists he entertains small hopes. In general, the book is pervaded by sweet reasonableness, relieved by an occasional touch of Gallic irony. It is a remarkably successful accomplishment of an inordinately difficult task. The French and English editions contain the author's complete text and illustrations. The editions in other languages are in both respects somewhat abridged. The English translation lapses too frequently into French idiom. On page 425 we read: "The Impressionist method is solvent for design." It will be a clever reader who sees at once that this means Impressionism destroys structural drawing. This is merely an extreme instance of a recurring defect.

In the *Bulletin* for October the Metropolitan Museum reproduces and describes two very important acquisitions, *Meditation on the Passion*, by Carpaccio, and *Miracles of St. Zenobius*, by Botticelli. Both these pictures come from that fount of surprises, the Abdy collection. In the *Meditation on the Passion* we have a mystical subject of unusual type. The dead body of Christ is seated askew in a ruined throne, behind is a noble landscape. To the right and left in the foreground sit hermit saints, bearded, and almost nude. Of their meditation the central Christ is an embodiment. The picture bore a false signature of Man-

tegna. It has recently been ascribed to Carpaccio by Sir Claude Phillips, in the *Burlington Magazine*. The links which attach this picture to Carpaccio's work are palpable, but we feel that the question of attribution is still open. This and several other pictures of allied quality show a Carpaccio almost impossible to reconcile with the master of the legend of St. George and St. Ursula. But the picture is so fine that the question of attribution may comfortably wait.

A schedule of lectures for three years has been arranged for the Charles Eliot Norton Memorial Lectureship. During the present season part of the societies of the Institute will be visited by Prof. Franz Cumont of the University of Ghent, Belgium; the rest by Prof. Caspar René Gregory of the University of Leipzig. Professor Cumont's subject will be "Astral Theology of the Monuments"; Professor Gregory will speak on "Mt. Sinai; Its Monasteries and Its Manuscripts." In the autumn of 1912 Mrs. S. Arthur Strong (née Eugénie Sellers), assistant director of the British School in Rome, will lecture before all the societies on some subject in the field of Roman Sculpture; in the autumn of 1913, Prof. Georg Karo of the Imperial German Archaeological Institute in Athens will have appointments on all the circuits, speaking on some phase of Greek art.

Finance

"SOLD-OUT MARKETS."

When the long decline in prices slackened or ceased last week the explanation was put forth with singular unanimity that "the markets were sold out." This is one of those technical terms of the market-place and the counting room which sometimes need elucidation, and the existing state of affairs makes such elucidation more timely than usual.

On Wednesday of last week, the rumor suddenly ran through Wall Street, and was afterward confirmed, that "the Steel Trust" was "planning to surrender its ore-land lease"; that it was preparing to take this action (it would have a year or two in which to make preparations) in order to conform to the Government's criticisms of its status in the iron ore trade under the Anti-Trust law. Now when one recalled the sequel, a month or so ago, to a more or less similar report that the Harvester Trust was planning to shape its corporate organization to the Anti-Trust law, it is not strange that a thrill of terror should have run through holders of "Steel common." Another fifteen-point decline was plainly enough foreshadowed.

But the next day, the stock advanced; two days after the ore-lease news, it was up 2 points, and people who had sold it, expecting to buy it back at lower prices, had to pay a point or so more than their selling price and pocket the losses. It was explained, of course—explanations after the event are always abundant—

that the "ore-land lease" was a very doubtful bargain for the Trust, that some high authorities in the trade had pronounced it a mistake, and that the Steel Corporation would quite possibly have rescinded it any way in 1915. But that was not the point. There were also people, in September, who described the rumor of Harvester readjustment as reassuring, but whose conclusions had no effect in averting the break in stocks. The thing of importance last week was that something had been said of a Trust's unexpected move to avoid complicity under the Anti-Trust law, and that instead of a sudden avalanche of realizing sales, people were bidding up the stock.

Most of the Wall Street constituency eventually accepted the explanation that the stock market was "sold out." On the one hand, pretty much all of those people who had been carrying on borrowed money stocks which they could hold no longer, had got rid of their burden and been eliminated from the field. On the other, people who would not buy at the September prices were ready to come in as purchasers at concessions now. There were few necessitous sellers left, and a good many potential buyers.

This is interesting enough, merely as picturing the change in the Wall Street situation. But perhaps it is even more interesting as a photograph of conditions in other industries. While the low prices on the Stock Exchange of a fortnight or so ago found Wall Street with greatly reduced supplies of securities in hand which were trying to find a market, the low price of print cloths had found spinners and merchants with comparatively empty shelves, the low price of iron and steel had found mills with smaller unsold piles of finished material stacked in their yards, and so on through the other trades. In some of these industries, moreover, the consumer had begun to take notice of the price lists. With rather few exceptions, and those governed by more or less peculiar circumstances, it is a series of "sold-out markets."

Usually, such a condition of things means that while the prospective buyer need not be in any great hurry to place his orders, he will make no mistake in acting immediately, and may possibly lose a bargain if he waits too long. There are exceptions to all such rules, and certainly no one looks for a "run-away market" in any trade not subject to harvest dearth. But the consumer of steel who is waiting to place his orders until the Government sues the Steel Trust, the spinner who postpones laying in supplies until 8-cent cotton is a permanency, and the investor who should prefer to keep his money at 2 per cent. in a trust company until next year's Presidential election has been decided, are not the safest guides to business pol-

icy. It is occasions like this which bring to mind the legendary millionaire who confessed to having made his fortune through never buying at the bottom and always selling too soon.

The action of prices is not the only consideration which suggests some new views of the business outlook. The really extraordinary statement of September's foreign trade set many people thinking. A foreign market, had its own country made a parallel exhibit, would have called it indisputable proof of prosperity. Merchandise exports larger by \$27,000,000 than in any September of our history, and merchandise imports \$7,800,000 above the month's high record, are not altogether what one looks for in states whose industry is crushed by political machinations and paralyzed by social unsettlement. It is quite true that the increased exports (notably cotton) have been made on the basis of lower prices, whereas dearness in many foreign products has helped in the increased value of our imports. But that most precious of achievements in the eye of American markets, the "outward balance of trade," has also broken all September records. The excess of exports over imports for the nine completed months has itself been matched in only three previous years of American commerce—1908, 1900, and 1899.

It is easy enough to dismiss such a showing with the comment that hard times in the home consuming market have driven our manufacturers to sell abroad at a sacrifice. But that was also a favorite answer of the pessimists in 1897, and it was just as true then as it is to-day. But it missed the essential point of the matter then, and so it does on the present occasion. For such an argument overlooks the fact that precisely such courageous grappling with trouble has always been the plain way out. With an industrial nation, one must judge the large trend of affairs as he would judge the personal attitude of its citizens. Every successful merchant or manufacturer knows what he did, as a matter of policy, when he found his customary market slipping away from him.

He faced the situation boldly and aggressively, went out in search of new buyers, worked off his surplus supplies at prices which less quick-moving competitors would not meet, and meantime set at work his own wits and the wits of every inventive employee, in reducing cost of production. When the tide turned, as it always eventually did, these captains of industry found that they had control, not only of the newly-obtained constituency, but of the old one too, reinforced in purchasing power by prolonged economies. But the merchant or manufacturer who confined his activities to lamenting the good old times and storming at "the Government," had probably by that time put up his shutters.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

- Adams, Henry. *The Life of George Cabot Lodge*. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. \$1.25 net.
- Annals of the Astronomical Observatory of Harvard College. Vol. 62, No. 2, *Ledger of Zone Observations*, by A. Searle; Vol. 71, No. 2, *Spectra and Photographic Magnitudes of Stars in Standard Regions*, by W. P. Fleming.
- Baillie-Reynolds, Mrs. *The Notorious Miss Lisle*. Doran. \$1.20 net.
- Bates, K. L. *America the Beautiful and Other Poems*. Crowell. \$1.25 net.
- Begbie, Harold. *The Cage*. Doran. \$1.20 net.
- Bell, Lilian. *The Runaway Equator*. Third edition. Stokes.
- Benedict, I. H. *The Great Problem*. Boston: Sherman, French. \$1 net.
- Beowulf. *Concordance*, compiled by A. S. Cook. Stechert. \$3.50.
- Books of Baby Beasts. Pictures in color by E. J. Detmold, descriptions by F. E. Dugdale. Doran. \$3.50 net.
- Brearley, H. C. *Animal Secrets Told*. Stokes.
- Brown, Julia. *The Enchanted Peacock and Other Stories*. Pictures by Lucy F. Perkins. Chicago: Rand, McNally. \$1.25.
- Burton, M. E. *The Education of Women in China*. Revell. \$1.25 net.
- Byron, May. *Cecil Aldin's Happy Family*. Illus. in color. Doran. \$3 net.
- Chaucer's *Romaunt of the Rose*. Illustrations, in color, by Keith Henderson and Norman Wilkinson. Holt.
- Cody, H. A. *The Fourth Watch*. Doran. \$1.20 net.
- Coleridge, Stephen. *New Poems*. Cedar Rapids, Ia.: Torch Press. 75 cents net.
- Compilation. San Francisco: Paul Elder. \$1 net.
- Copp, E. J. *Reminiscences of the War of the Rebellion, 1861-1865*. Nashua, N. H.: Telegraph Pub. Co.
- Crawford, M. C. *Goethe and His Woman Friends*. Boston: Little, Brown. \$3 net.
- Davis, J. W., and Julien F. *The Sea-Brownie Reader*. For second-year classes, two parts. Boston: Heath.
- Dickens's *Christmas Carol*. Illustrated in color by A. C. Michael. Doran. \$2 net.
- Dimock, A. W. *Dick Among the Seminoles*. Stokes.
- Dixie Book of Days. Historical calendar. Baltimore, Md.: Page Publishing Association.
- Downes, W. H. *Life and Works of Winslow Homer*. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. \$6 net.
- Foucher, L. C. *The Cats' Tea Party*. Moffat, Yard. 50 cents net.
- Gale, Zona. *Mothers to Men*. Macmillan. \$1.50 net.
- Gerry, M. S. *Heart and Chart*. Harper. \$1.20 net.
- Gibson, Charles Dana. *Other People*. Scribner. \$4 net.
- Giesecke, A. A. *Questions in Municipal Civics*. (Cornell Study Bulletins.) Syracuse, N. Y.: C. W. Bardeen. \$1.
- Gilson, R. R. *Ember Light: A Novel*. Baker & Taylor. \$1.30 net.
- Goodhue, Isabel. *Good Things: Ethical Recipes for Feast Days*. San Francisco: Paul Elder. \$1 net.
- Hall, Bolton. *The Gift of Sleep*. Moffat, Yard. \$1.25 net.
- Parker, G. A. *Square Beasts and Curved*. San Francisco: Paul Elder.
- Harvard Studies in Classical Philology. Vol. XXII, 1911. Cambridge, Mass.
- Hearn, Lafcadio. *Leaves from the Diary of an Impressionist*. Introduction by Ferris Greenslet. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. \$4.50 net.
- Hill, W. L. *Jackieboy in Rainbowland*. Pictures by F. Y. Cory. Chicago: Rand, McNally. \$1.25.
- Holbrook, R. T. *Portraits of Dante: A Critical Study, with a Concise Iconography*. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. \$6.50 net.
- Huntington, I. M. *The Garden of Heart's Delight: A Fairy Tale*. Pictures by M. W. Enright. Chicago: Rand, McNally. \$1.25.
- International Studio. Vol. 44. July to Oct., inclusive 1911. Lane Co.
- James, William. *Memories and Studies*. Longmans. \$1.75 net.
- Johnstone, R. A. *At My Window: Hours With My Pigeons*. Stokes. 80 cents net.

King, M. W. Recipe for a Happy Life: A Leamy, Edmund. The Golden Spears, and Other Fairy Tales. Desmond FitzGerald. \$1 net.

Lincoln, Abraham. Noted Speeches. Edited, with sketch, by L. M. Briggs. Moffat. Yard. 75 cents net.

Little Folks' Book of Verse. Edited by C. Johnson. Baker & Taylor. \$1 net.

Lodge, G. C. Poems and Dramas. 2 vols. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. \$2.50 net.

Longfellow's Hiawatha. Introduction by F. W. Gunsaulus; Illustrations by G. C. Horn. Chicago: Rand, McNally. \$2.

MacLafferty, J. H. The Army of Days, and Other Verse. Boston: Sherman, French. \$1 net.

Manchester, L. C. The Funeral at Egg Hill. Boston: Sherman, French. \$1 net.

Morecroft, J. H., and Hehre, F. W. A Short Course in the Testing of Electrical Machinery. Van Nostrand. \$1.50 net.

Muzzey, D. S. American History. Boston: Ginn. \$1.50.

Napier, Rosamond. The Faithful Failure. Doran. \$1.20 net.

New York State Bankers Association. Proceedings of Convention, June, 1911.

Noyes, Alfred. Sherwood, or Robin Hood and the Three Kings: A Play in Five Acts. Stokes. \$1.75 net.

Patterson, F. A. The Middle English Penitential Lyric: A Study of Early Religious Verse. Lemcke & Buechner. \$1.50 net.

Peattie, Ella W. Edda and the Oak. Illustrations by K. Merrill. Chicago: Rand, McNally. \$1.25.

Perry, S. G. S. Go To Sleep: Bedtime Tales. Stokes.

Platner, S. B. Topography and Monuments of Ancient Rome. Second edition, enlarged. Boston: Allyn & Bacon. \$3.

Report of the Commissioner of Banking and Insurance for the Year Ending Dec. 31, 1910. Part II. Trenton, N. J.

Rich, W. Tony's White Room. San Francisco: Paul Elder. \$1 net.

Rolleston, T. W. Myths and Legends of the Celtic Race. Crowell. \$2.50 net.

Ruddy, Anna C. From Tenderfoot to Scout. Doran. \$1.20 net.

Schauffer, R. H. The Musical Amateur: A Book on the Human Side of Music. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. \$1.25 net.

Seawell, M. E. The Jugglers. Macmillan. \$1 net.

Shakespeare's Romeo and Juliet. Tudor edition, edited by W. A. Neilson and A. H. Thorndike. Macmillan. 35 cents net.

Sheldon, C. M. The High Calling. Doran. \$1.20 net.

Smith, E. D. On Hurley Hills, and Other Verse. Boston: Sherman, French. \$1 net.

Stanley, H. M. Autobiography. Popular edition. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. \$2 net.

Syrian Shepherd's Psalm. Illustration by Jules Guérin, appreciations by C. H. Spurgeon and others, and metrical versions with music. Stokes. \$1 net.

Tallentyre, S. G. Basset: A Village Chronicle. Moffat, Yard. \$1.50 net.

Taussig, F. W. Principles of Economics. 2 vols. Macmillan. \$4 net.

The Treasure Book of Children's Verse. Arranged by Mabel and Lillian Quiller-Couch. Illus. in color by M. E. Gray. Doran. \$5 net.

Tibbits, M. L. The Pilgrim's Staff. Boston: Sherman, French. \$1 net.

Whitechurch, V. L. Off the Main Road. Baker & Taylor. \$1.20 net.

Woods, W. H. The Anteroom, and Other Poems. Illustrated. Baltimore, Md.: The Author. \$1.35.



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